FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 226.—VOL. IX.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860. [PRICE 6 CENTS.

BURNING OF THE SHIP WABAMO,

AT OIL SPOT, OUTSIDE SANDY HOOK,

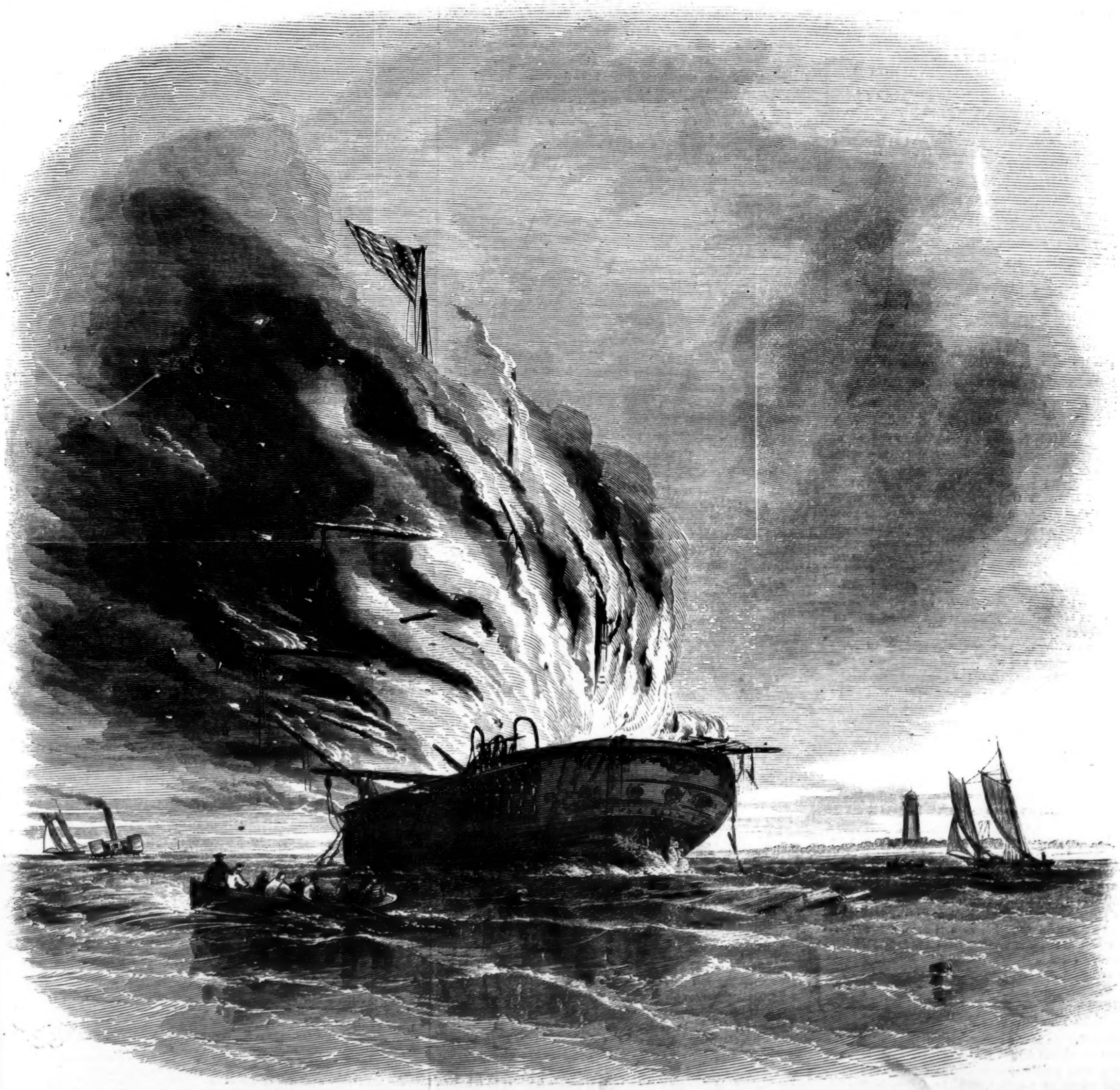
As seen from the Deck of the Steamship Africa, by our Special Artist and Correspondent, outward bound for England,

And forwarded by Mr. Morley, Pilot on board the Africa.

As the good steamer Africa ploughed her way through the bright waters of New York Bay, the farewell cheers of many friends still lingering in the ears of the passengers, one of the terrible realities incident to life on the great ocean was presented to the startled voyagers on the very threshold of their journey over the waste of waters.

There are few things more terrific than a fire at sea—such an accident is dreadful on land—but the horrors are tenfold on the wide waste of waters. The conflagration that broke out on Wednesday, the 14th of March, on board the Wabamo, was fortunately discovered within a few hundred yards of Sandy Hook, and close to a steamtug, so that no lives were lost. This was truly providential, since had the fire slumbered a few hours longer, there is little doubt every soul would have perished. Mr. Morley, the respected and intelligent pilot, No. 1, Moses H. Grinnell, who happened to be on board the Africa, when that vessel passed the burning ship, says that he never beheld so rapid a destruction. A few minutes after the discovery of the fire the ship was one entire mass of flame.

The following is an extract from the protest of Captain Crocker: Wednesday, March 14—Commenced with fresh breezes from northwest and clear. At nine A. M. got under way from Quarantine, with a pilot on board, and proceeded to sea. At half-past eleven A. M. passed Sandy Hook; at a quarter past twelve P. M., when in the act of squaring the main yard to discharge the pilot, smoke was discovered issuing from the booby-hatch and the seams of the deck,



BURNING OF THE SHIP WABAMO, OFF SANDY HOOK, AS SEEN AND SKETCHED FROM THE DECK OF THE CUNARD STEAMER AFRICA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ALBERT BERGHAUS, ESQ (NOW ON HIS WAY TO ENGLAND TO REPRESENT FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER)—THE YAWLS OF THE PILOT BOAT ELLWOOD WALTER, NO. 7, TAKING OFF THE CREW.

between the main and mizen masts. The yards were then squared, wore ship and stood for Sandy Hook. At half-past twelve P M the flames broke through the deck and the rigging catching fire, the ship was unmanageable; her masts were then cut away. The steamtug Huntress took off the crew at forty-five minutes past twelve. The vessel struck the False Hook, beat across and shortly after struck the beach near Station No 1, when both anchors were let go. The pilot boat Elwood Walter then took off the officers and pilot, and transferred them to the steamtug Mary A Stevens, leaving the ship enveloped in flames. Captain Crocker states that the fire was first seen from that part of the ship where the cotton was stowed. He has lost his chronometer, and as well as his officers all his clothes but what they had on at the time. The Wabamo was a fine vessel of nine hundred tons, and was bound to Rotterdam with a large cargo. The vessel was worth about thirty thousand dollars, and the cargo eighty thousand dollars. They were only partially insured.

Our special artist, Albert Berghaus, on board the Africa, commenced his labors earlier than he expected, and forwarded us the beautiful sketch of the burning ship Wabamo, which we have engraved this week.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1860.

ALL Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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OFFICE, 19 CITY HALL SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Our Platform—North and South.

In answer to many correspondents as to our "stripe" in politics, or the direction of our sympathies in regard to the great question of Pro and Anti-Slavery, now agitating the country, we would say that we are essentially an Illustrated and not a Political Newspaper. That our province is, clearly, to pictorially reproduce passing events in every section of the country—to place them on record in our great Illustrated History of the Time. We do this; and whether the events thus faithfully recorded do or do not redound to the credit of the localities in which they occur, we cannot be held responsible for acts over which we could have no control.

Our paper is not addressed to one class, to one political party, or to one section; it is intended for, and has gained a general circulation in every portion of the United States, of over one hundred and fifty thousand copies weekly.

We are strictly conservative in our course, with one great leading principle—the unshaken integrity of the Union; and in the description of our illustrations we confine ourselves to facts without comment.

If the sympathies of our readers, North or South, are aroused by viewing and reading our pages they must not a tribute the feelings thus excited to opinions expressed or sentiments entertained by us, but to the facts which we record, which are the property of history and consequently a part of the material indispensable to the existence of an Illustrated Newspaper.

Our course has from time to time been made the subject of comment both in the Northern and Southern papers, and not unfrequently the *same number* of our paper has been pronounced in the North as ultra-South, and in the South as ultra-North, each party taking a sectional view of articles which were simply conservative and national. Not to be with one or the other is to be against both, so at least we are compelled to believe by the course pursued here and there towards our paper.

We shall maintain in the future the conservative policy which we have heretofore strictly adhered to, and hold ourselves equally justified in recording a Southern Lynching or a Massachusetts Massacre leaving the Public of the whole country to sit in judgment upon the events which we enrol in history, feeling fully assured that the sentiment of an overwhelming majority of the people will be active in our favor.

The Old World.

THE last news from Europe is of a very unsettled description. The European politicians cannot forget that two wars have followed Louis Napoleon's most pacific speeches. The common apprehension of the world seems to consider, with the Queen in Hamlet, "Methinks the Emperor doth protest too much." It is certain that, with the exception of Austria, the annexation of Savoy and Nice is regarded with great suspicion by all the European Powers. In England, of course, it has given the Derby Party an opportunity of expressing their old suspicion of the Emperor, while Lord John Russell requests Lord Cowley to express to the French Ministry the disapprobation of the British Ministry to the measure, on the ground that it is calculated to arouse the suspicions of Europe. He also enters into the merits of the argument adduced by Louis Napoleon as to the necessity of France securing her boundary, in the face of the Sardinian Kingdom increased to ten millions. In the House of Commons there had been a very sharp debate on the designs of France. Roebuck, as usual, attacked the Emperor; while Lord John Russell deprecated such discussions as tending to bring about a rupture with a friendly power. He also reminded the House that Sardinia, whose business it was, had not spoken on the subject.

Grandguillot, of the *Constitutionnel*, has an article explaining the French policy in Italy. In mentioning the solution proposed in the message of M. Thouvenel, M. Grandguillot says: "If it is not a Sardinian solution, it is an Italian one. Sardinia will possess in Tuscany an ally who will aid her to overcome the opposition of Naples and Rome, in order to constitute an Italian nation, with the concurrence of all its nationalities, and not an Italian kingdom absorbing everything, without considering the essential differences, the opposing interests and the distrust of Europe."

The correspondent to the *Morning Post* says official telegraphic dispatches have reached Paris from all parts of Italy. The Emperor's speech has not been received very favorably. That the people of Central Italy will confirm the vote of annexation to Piedmont is fully believed by the Government of that country.

From Sardinia we hear that the King has agreed to the solution proposed by France in reference to the Romagna; but as regards the solution of the question of Tuscany proposed by the Emperor, the reply of the King is said to be less distinct. The *Patrie* adds: "We are unable to make known the exact reply of Sardinia in reference to the annexation of Savoy to France."

The Capture of the Spanish-Mexican Vessels.

OUR Government has at last acted with the vigor becoming a great Nation. It has captured the two piratical vessels fitted out in Havana by Santa Anna, to assist the Priest Miramon party in Mexico. It appears that Miramon, with about eight thousand men, commenced the siege of Vera Cruz on the 5th. To this is opposed about six thousand regular troops, under the Constitutional General. On the 6th two war steamers anchored before the city, and refused to show their colors. We give the particulars of what followed from the New Orleans telegraph dispatch:

Commodore Jarvis, therefore, ordered the Saratoga, with detachments from the Savannah and Preble, on the steamboats Indianola and Wave, to proceed to the anchorage and ascertain the character of the two steamers. As the Saratoga, towed by the Indianola, approached them, they tried to escape, but were too late. Captain Turner then sent a boat with a flag to demand the nationality of the steamers, when the boat was fired upon twice; whereupon the Saratoga fired a broadside into the General Miramon, and the action became general. Both steamers now hoisted the Spanish flag, and after a spirited engagement Maria surrendered, and, with most of his men, was taken prisoner. The American loss is but three wounded, one of whom is mortally. The Mexican loss is fifteen killed and twenty to thirty wounded.

Miramon paid fifty-five thousand dollars for the two steamers.

Maria's steamers passed by all the foreign squadrons and the Castle without hoisting a flag, although ordered to do so by a shot from the Castle, and other signals. The English, French and Spanish vessels of war did not notice the fact.

The engagement took place by moonlight.

The prisoners corroborate the report in relation to the steamers, that they cleared from Havana as merchantmen, and hoisted the Mexican flag only after they left that port; and subsequently mounted six guns.

These two vessels are now in New Orleans as prizes.

We understand that the French and Spanish inhabitants in Vera Cruz, who, of course, sympathise with the Miramon party, are loud in their denunciations.

We are glad that the Charleston Convention is so near at hand since there can be no backing down in the face of this fact.

France and Savoy.

IT is said S T Coleridge, that when he heard that Napoleon I had declared that the interest of smaller States must yield to those of greater ones, he exclaimed, "Thank God! from this instant his doom is sealed." Since his time diplomacy, expressing the views of mere national expediency, and the press, setting forth the simple principle of justice as drawn from the feelings of individual right, have frequently affirmed that the appropriation of smaller territories by larger ones is wrong; and every effort of the kind invariably calls forth a storm of indignation, especially from those who do not expect to share in the spoils. From this point of view, the declaration of the present Emperor of France, with regard to Savoy, meets with no favor from the English press, and many seem inclined to regard it as a decided putting forth at last of the sharp claw from the velvet paw of the long-professed "disinterestedness."

Without endorsing the abstract principles of annexation or of conquest, or without adopting the contrary view, it should, however, be permitted to the journalist to present such views as may occur to him, without incurring the name of a partizan. In discussing any measure whatever, affecting the claims of nations, there is only one real principle to which all others should succumb, and that is, "the greatest good for the greatest number." It is, for instance, absurd to claim that a small State should preserve its integrity simply because its reigning family can establish their hereditary right to rule it. Not less absurd is it in an age of industrial and material progress for people to claim as the orthodox party led by *ulemas* in Turkey do, that old traditions forbid every change. If political independence and rigid conservatism keep the peasant poor and ignorant, they are bad, judged by results. And if annexation to a larger State can improve the condition of a people, common sense, at least, urges the union.

Men of education, cultivation, and, in short, those who are cosmopolites, will naturally prefer that men should belong to great nations. A Frenchman, whose country gives social laws and fashions to the world; an Englishman, whose native land is the world's workshop and the rendezvous of its commerce; an American or a Russian, whose empire embraces one-sixth of the inhabitable globe, feels its mere greatness reflected in himself. He knows that to be great at home is to be at once known everywhere. If of active mind his ambition may hope for anything. Even in ordinary society we see the average difference between men claiming great nationalities and those who are citizens of obscure countries whose history, languages and customs are only familiar to scholars. Take from any subject or citizen of a first-class power his identity with its importance, and you make of him a smaller man. You dwarf his mind and limit his ambition.

The smaller States of Europe are really anomalies in the society of Governments. They only exist under protection. What a farce is a Montenegrine army, and what reality is there in some little feudal State which keeps itself in existence by continually maintaining an army of diplomatists who exhaust its spare resources, at foreign courts, where they perpetually intrigue to keep the home bark afloat a little longer. In every quarrel with a great neighbor, in every intestine difficulty, they post away to their great friends, making "no end of trouble," and continually provoke foreign interference and intermeddling by their sheer inability to do anything for themselves.

What rational man, who is really well informed as to the immense social and industrial progress which Russia has made of late years, objects to Panslavism? Would that progress have been so great, on the whole, had Russia remained divided into numbers of little kingdoms? Would it not be better for Italy or Germany to be united? There is no practical man, no builder of railroad and introducer of modern improvements who does not know that there is a far better field for his genius in great countries than in small ones.

It is no answer to these views to allege Austria as an unsuccessful great country. Austria is a great nation managed on small principles; an aggregate of heterogeneous elements and languages too extensive to coalesce with her, and rightfully belonging to powerful neighbors. We may grant a nationality to Hungary, but would cheerfully see the remainder forming portions of great German, Italian and Russian nations. As for the modest demand of Louis Napoleon for Savoy, when we reflect on what his uncle did before him, and what he might do if he chose to intrigue and war for annexation, we are only astonished at the extreme minuteness of his request. That any Savoyard should not rejoice at the prospect of union to France seems to us, who belong to a truly great nation, incomprehensible.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

A BILL has been introduced into the Legislature for the better management of railroads. One of its clauses is that no man shall be eligible for a Director unless he has one hundred shares, and for President he must own two hundred. This establishing a property qualification, although apparently un-Democratic, will be productive of much good, as the possession of wealth in this country implies the capacity of acquiring and managing property; in England it is most probably the accident of birth.

The capture of Miramon's two vessels by our navy, and the decided attitude assumed at last by the United States towards that wilderness of anarchy, miscalled a country—we mean Mexico—has caused not a little fluttering in political and financial circles. Meanwhile we believe that well-meaning men, the world over, will rejoice to see something to a which looks like a settlement of the endless quarrels and disorders of our dear Spanish neighbor. Any movement, whether prompted by selfishness or magnanimity, will be for the better in that direction, so that it leads to something like order. Our Mexican friends must either make a government, or else—we will make one for them.

Signorina Piccolomini (or Miss Littleman), is not married; M. Sullien has attempted suicide; young Charles Dickens is going to India, and Miss Burdett Coutts is willing to back him up with any amount of the ready, no matter how high a hand he plays in business. Such are three of the leading personal items by the last steamer—marriage, murder and money. The man who would scissor out all the personal items published in newspapers of the present day, could form a volume which would be curious enough in a few years.

New York is at present full of strangers, and as a matter of course we hear every day of gentlemen being taken in and done for by watch-stuffers, burners, droppers, patent-safers, borrowers, mock auctioneers, ropers, panellers, suckers, goniffs, buzzers and other beasts of prey. To all going to great cities we have but one word to say. Leave all your extra cash and jewellery with the clerk of the hotel, put what you carry in your watchpocket and button down on it with extra force, and don't talk to men whom you don't know, no matter how affable they are, or however well acquainted they may appear to be with your home and friends. Above all, don't be particularly proud of your own sharpness and shrewdness, or over-confident. It is this class which is most easily and successfully fleeced.

The *Evening Post* has a very excellent article on the necessity of our Government punishing the two men who have just arrived here from England. It will be remembered that the cruelties of which they were accused being committed on the high seas, being out of British jurisdiction, they were sent home by the officials of Southampton to take their trial in America. We trust that our national honor will be vindicated by the immediate action of the proper authorities. The cruelties with which these men stand charged are so devilish and persistent, that not a day should be lost in either their punishment or vindication.

The *Utica Herald* gives the particulars of a small riot in that proverbially quiet city. What politics could not arouse, immorality has. A Dr. Skinner having established a spiritual affinity with Miss Kate Beardsley, deserted his wife and family, and went to live with his affinity. The mob, in their indignation, rode the rascal on a rail, and then locked him up in jail for deserting his family. In the same city, Dr. Wheeler and Dr. Bentley have incurred the popular odium, owing to their behavior. These Socialists, Spiritualists, Free Lovers, Pre Raphaelites and Emigrant Runners are rapidly becoming the underminers of morals, art and decency. It is a frightful cause of law-breaking, since it too often leads to that species of wild justice called Lynch Law.

Personal.

MR. BEVERLY TUCKER gave a fancy dress ball in Liverpool lately. He was the Harry the Eighth of the occasion. Some wag hearing of his intention to personate that character persuaded half a dozen ladies to represent the wives of that monarch. Mr. Tucker had a fine time of it with his Anne Boleyn, the two Kates, &c. When the joke was known the amusement of the company was excessive.

MRS. H. B. STOWE is in Florence. They are to be in Rome next week. It is said by the *Diario* that she has gone there to have a mass said for the repose of the soul of John Brown.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Richmond *Dispatch*, writing from Charlestown, Va., says: "Mrs. Allibone, the oldest sister of George W. Turner, who was slain by John Brown and his associates, was buried here to-day, by the side of her brother. She died at Mount Hope Lunatic Asylum, whither she was taken shortly after her brother's death. She never rallied after his murder, but continued to sink until her broken spirit burst its earthly bonds and returned to its Maker. Another murder to be added to the Harper's Ferry list."

IT is reported that General Hatfield, the popular commander of the Highwood Guard, is about to publish a volume of poems. We were aware he was a neat landscape painter, but had no idea he was woeing the sister Muse.

MRS. BROUGHAM lately gave a *bal costumé* at Cannes, in France, which caused more excitement at Nice than the annexation. The wife of the Governor of Nice, as a Hungarian peasant, raised quite a furore. Her beauty is described as being something transcendant.

MR. and MRS. GEORGE VANDENHOFF are reading to the citizens of Richmond, Va., choice passages from Dickens and Shakespeare.

DAVID B. ATCHISON has declined the nomination for Governor of Missouri.

THE daughter of the renowned Fred Douglas died last week. Since her father's absence she has gradually declined in health. She had the idea firmly fixed in her mind that her father would never come back, or if he should he would be imprisoned and executed.

HAWTHORNE has announced his intention of returning home in June.

POERIO, the Neapolitan exile, will most probably be the representative of Milan in the Sardinian Parliament.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has bestowed upon Major Kearney the decoration of the Legion of Honor, for his services in Italy. We should like to know what these services were?

A WESTERN letter says of Kit Carson: "When on his feet Mr. Carson has a somewhat dumpy look—the result of what the Hoosier girl described in Mr. Douglas as an 'unfy nite small chance of legs;' but he sits upon a horse like a king. I never saw a man presenting a more regal aspect than this veteran mountaineer, when upon his favorite animal, dashing along like the wind."

THE HON. DAVID A. BOXER, who was born in our city, and represented it in Congress in 1849, '50 and '51, was naval officer at this port during Mr.

Fillmore's Administration, and was well known and well beloved, was found dead in his room at Washington Sunday morning. It is supposed that he died suddenly while preparing for dinner the day before, and the fact was not discovered until the succeeding morning. His remains have been brought to this city for interment.

An amusing incident happened in Paris lately. During the trial of M. Vacherot for his pamphlet, his advocate read a passage from a work recently published there, in which the most revolutionary doctrines were maintained. The Judge asked in a passion how he dare read such abominable treason, and demanded the name of the traitor who wrote it. To the horror of the Judge, the advocate coolly answered "The Emperor!" It was a quotation from one of Louis Napoleon's books, written while he was an exile in London.

Is Garibaldi married? Some say it is his son—some say it is the old man himself. A fierce war is raging on this topic. A letter he wrote to a friend in Glasgow denies the rumor, which he attributes to Austrian enemies.

A proposition is before Congress to give to B. H. Kinney, Esq., of Massachusetts, a commission for an equestrian statue of Lafayette. Mr. Kinney is a sculptor who has made rapid strides in his profession, and now occupies a high rank.

Buoncompagni has resigned the post of Governor-General of Central Italy.

The Prince of Orange paid a visit to the Great Eastern on the 5th March.

The King of Prussia is said to be on the point of death at last.

A Mobile paper says, "Tom Marshall, the great orator, is giving musical concerts in the North." Where?

The Louisville papers are quarrelling about Gazzaniga. The *Democrat* says that she is fat, forty, and waddles like a duck. The *Journal*, more intelligent, says that she is a perfect lady, a good singer, quite thin, and under thirty.

Mrs. John Wood and Dolly Davenport, left for New Orleans yesterday. They are engaged by John Owens.

The Hon. A. B. Meek, of Alabama, in taking his leave of the Speakership of the Alabama House, dwelt upon the beauties of the new railroad system inaugurated in that State, "by which," he said, "the mountain barriers of the North are to be overleaped by the fire-horse, and the sands of the South are to glitter in the light of his flashing eyes!"

An amusing scene in the Legislature of Pennsylvania occurred on a motion to remove the capital of the state from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. A matter of fact member from the rural districts, who had heard of the great facilities with which brick houses are moved from one part of the city to another, and who had not the least idea that anything but moving the State House was in contemplation, rose and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have no objection to the motion, but don't see how on airth you are going to get it over the river."

Among the novelties of the day is the establishment of a daily newspaper without news. The idea is evidently from the New York religious papers, which have long been published without any religion.

The *Tribune* says that Mrs. Brennan, whose mysterious disappearance about two years ago caused such consternation, was seen in Florence last month.

General W. H. Bissell, of Illinois, died in Springfield, on the 15th. He was in his forty-ninth year. He was a sound Democrat, the *Day Book* says, upon every point except Slavery.

The Rev. M. Raphall, delivered, the other night, a very interesting lecture. We regretted to see an attack on this able and learned man in a little Jewish paper published in Cincinnati.

LITERATURE.

We have received from W. A. Townsend & Co., publishers, a Novel entitled *Life Before Him*. This is a book that we are convinced will arrest the attention, not only of ordinary novel readers, but of the literary and artistic portion of the community at large. The story is simple, but exceedingly well constructed, moving along with increasing interest to the closing chapter; and the scenes depicted and incidents related are so true to nature, so earnest and so conscientiously truthful, that it does not require the least stretch of imagination to suppose them transcripts from real life.

The author of *Life Before Him*—his name is withheld—has chosen as his theme a subject that possesses peculiar charms. The title of the book itself suggests a thousand fascinating phases, for who is not interested in the upward and onward course of youth struggling through poverty and trial for those twin and—that for poetry—equally desired guerdons—fame and fortune? It is not our intention to give any synopsis of the plot of this work, for in a limited space it would be impossible to do either the author or ourself justice; but we must add that by no means the least attractive portion of the volume is the running commentary of the author upon the subjects incidental to his work. Always fresh but never pedantic, he has carried through his story a delicious undercurrent of brilliant fancies and genial humor, which, like silver threads woven in a silken fabric, adds not only to the outward beauty but intrinsic value as well.

The views of life set forth and maintained in the work under consideration are such as must win the approbation of the most conservative, and even the inveterate and constitutional grumbler could not rise from the perusal without finding his favorites demolished and his murmurings rebuked. We do not hesitate to recommend *Life Before Him* as a thoroughly good book, in the broadest and most Catholic sense, and one that will be found equally welcome in both library and drawing-room.

We have received from Derby and Abbott, 119 Nassau street, a volume entitled *South and North, or Impressions Received During a Trip to Cuba and the South*, by John S. C. Abbott. This is essentially an Abolition book, written calmly and earnestly, full of warm sympathy and hearty good feeling for our brethren of the South, both as men and as countrymen, but breathing in every line the ultra-Abolition principles of a numerically small party in the North. The work bears incontestible evidences of the perfect sincerity of the writer; he states the case with as much fairness as could be expected from one holding such sentiments and imbued with such doctrines, but with all its calmness and apparent fairness, it is calculated to add bitterness to feelings already exasperated and will not assuredly do any good. It will doubtless find many admiring readers in the North, but it will surely be interdicted in the South.

We have received from Benn Pitman, of the Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio, *Pitman's Manual of Phonography*. The value of the art of Phonography is now fully appreciated. It is one of the most important and useful inventions of the age, and to it the newspapers of the world are indebted more than can be expressed. The want of some means to transcribe on paper an uttered speech verbatim has been felt for centuries. Many systems were tried, some partially succeeded, others signally failed, but all were deficient in that philosophical arrangement which is now adopted, and which has brought the Phonographic art to its present state of singular perfection. The Anglo-Saxon race owes to Mr. Isaac Pitman of Bath, England, a debt of undying gratitude, for he it was who invented the present system of Phonography in 1837. His first published system was vastly in advance of all previous attempts, and so evident was it practicability that learned men caught its strong points at once; valuable suggestions poured in upon the author which were gradually adopted into the system, and aided materially in rendering it complete.

The book before us is a full manual of the Phonographic art, with copious directions, exercises, diagrams, &c., from which a pains-taking student can learn the system thoroughly without any other aid. It is on this account exceedingly valuable, and will commend itself to thousands. It is most beautifully brought out by a new process invented by Mr. Benn Pitman.

All the Phonographic exercises, title page, &c., are produced by a new process—another application of electrotyping—that wonderful art of moulding metals without heat. This new process of engraving has cost the inventor four years of constant experimenting. The labor which heretofore has been expended in drawing a design on wood previous to cutting, suffices by this process to complete it in imperishable copper.

From Sheldon & Co. we have received a very charming book of travels, called *Letters from Switzerland*, by Samuel Irenæus Prime. Although the route over which Mr. Prime travelled has been explored, travelled and written about again and again, till his matter and his manner are fresh, amusing and interesting. He commenced his tour by entering Switzerland through Germany, and so worked his way through the simply beautiful up to the sublime. He gossips most pleasantly of the various points of interest in every place he visits, displaying a mind richly cultivated and amply stored with the lore of past times. He is a closely observant traveller, and his remarks upon the customs, habits and manners of the people are distinguished by strong practical common sense.

We can specially commend to our readers these *Letters from Switzerland*, for we have in (our library) enjoyed a very pleasant trip through that region with Mr. Samuel I. Prime.

From Sheldon & Co. we have also received *Hester and I; or, Beware of Worldliness*, by Mrs. Manners, author of "Sedgemoor, &c., &c." This is a very pleasant and amusing book for young people. The plot is quite interesting, the dialogues spirited, the incidents natural, and the moral not forced into undue prominence, but strongly impressive by its application as developed in the denouement. It is a good and pleasant book for children.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible. Parts I., II and III. of this splendid work are now before us, and we can endorse the opinions of our contemporaries that this will form the most magnificently illustrated edition of the Holy Scriptures which has been produced in this or any other country. The marvel is how a work of this character can be produced at so moderate a price. One part consists of thirty-two pages of large quarto for fifteen cents. This can only be done upon the supposition that an immense circulation would be commanded, and in this the publishers have not been disappointed, for we are credibly informed that in Great Britain alone the issue of one number has reached two hundred thousand. Part III. will be particularly interesting to young people, containing, as it does, the Life of Joseph, embellished with thirty engravings. This is, in our opinion, the best number that has been issued.

We have received from Mr. Oliver B. Goldsmith, a most elegant little publication called *Pen and Pen*. It consists of choice selections from the great poets, executed with the pen by Mr. Goldsmith in the most remarkably tasteful manner, with a fluency and a freedom of design but rarely met with. Mr. Goldsmith is an expert in his art.

MUSIC.

Opera in New York.—Irrepressible conflicts are not confined to the political world; we have them constantly progressing in social life and especially in the world of music. Harmony, a great essential in the divine art, is a principle utterly ignored in operatic management. Discord, an equally essential principle in music, has been chosen as the governing characteristic, and is nobly maintained by gallant impresârios in every quarter of the globe.

The public notice of Max Maretzek's return from Havana, and his intention to give a series of Opera in New York, brought forth an immediate announcement from the Managers of the Academy of Music that their spring season would commence on the 9th of April. This was a counterblast to the Maretzek announcement, and evidently meant war. The sacred precincts of the Academy, to which fashion alone has the right of way, are to be barricaded against any approach from the gallant Max, and the whole forces of the Academy are to be drawn from the provinces and concentrated in Fourteenth street, to defend the position. Such is the state of affairs at present.

We recommended, in our last, a union of interests—not a partnership—because that would complicate inextricably complications already existing, and some one would surely come out at the little end of the horn—but an arrangement by which Maretzek could lease the Academy for a certain time, while the Academicians could extract the dollars from our provincial dependencies. Such an arrangement would have been satisfactory to New York, and would have been profitable for the contracting parties. However, if it is to be war, it will be *guerre à la mort*.

It is just as impossible to keep Max Maretzek out of New York as it is to brush a snow storm out of the sky with a broom. The public owes a vast debt of gratitude to Maretzek for his operatic efforts in past years—efforts which materially served to give stability to the operatic establishment in this city, and from which others have reaped large benefits. These not forgotten services will always insure him a hearing in this city, and the public confidence in his judgment, ability and tact will gain him a large share of support both from the musical and fashionable circles.

We have no idea of partizanship—we shall take very resignedly the gods the gods provide for us, and if we are to have two Operas we will give both a fair field and no favor. Maretzek's company is said to be very strong, and Fabbri comes to us commended in the warmest terms by that admirable artist and excellent lady, Madame Lagrange, so that we may look for a splendid excitement.

Strakosch and Ullman commence at the Academy on the 9th April, Easter Monday, and Maretzek opens the Winter Garden on the same night.

Madame Anna Bishop is in New Orleans, and has given several concerts there with splendid success. It is rare to find such a unanimity in praise among our exchanges as in the case of Madame Anna Bishop. All agree that she is a glorious artist, and that her voice is finer than ever, and the cry is everywhere, "Why cannot we have an English opera, with Anna Bishop as prima donna?" We have asked the question for some time past, but the solution is as distant as ever.

Opera in California.—The Brothers Lyster have just returned from England, where they passed a few weeks searching for artistic talent to complete the Lyster Operatic Company, now in San Francisco. They found nothing however, worth importing, and sailed on Tuesday for California, with some artists secured here. The last season of the Lyster Opera Company at San Francisco was a marvellous success, the principal parties concerned realizing many thousands of dollars each. They played one engagement of one hundred and thirty-seven consecutive nights, to overflowing houses. The present organization of the company is as follows:

Prime Donne—Miss Rosalie Durand and Miss Lucy Escott. Contralto—Miss Georgia Hodson. Seconde Donne—Miss Ada King, Mad. Kammerer. Tenori—Mr. Henry Squires, Mr. Frank Trevor. Bassi—Mr. Fredrick Lyster, Mr. Stephen Leach, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Roncovieri. Conducta—Mr. A. Reiff. Manager—Mr. William Lyster.

Their repertoire is very extensive, and cannot be matched on this side of the Rocky Mountains. Imagine San Francisco with a company which is up in the following operas:

La Sonnambula, Il Trovatore, Bohemian Girl, Il Barbiere, Cinderella, Fra Diavolo, Der Freyschutz, Don Pasquale, Crown Diamonds, Marriage of Figaro, Daughter of the Regiment, La Traviata, Rigoletto, Maritana, Rose of Castile, Lucia di Lammermoor, Lucrezia Borgia, Norma, Amilie, Le Pardon de Ploermel, Robert le Diable, Don Giovanni, Semiramide, La Favorita, Oberon and John of Paris.

The Lyster Opera Company will commence their season at Macguire's Opera House in San Francisco in May.

Immense Success of Wallace's New Opera of Lurline.—Our readers will be glad to learn—for William Vincent Wallace is known and esteemed in every section of the country—that the grand opera of "Lurline," has been produced at Covent Garden Opera House, by Louisa Pyne, and has met with a success rarely paralleled. It is announced to be played every night during the season. We shall give our readers some of the particulars in our next.

DRAMA.

Winter Garden.—What a charming thing it would be for all concerned if plays were so universally good, and artists one and all so pre-eminently excellent, that the critic's only duty was to praise, his only trouble the inventing new phrases in which to express his laudations. Unfortunately this is not the case; on the contrary, defects are at times so patent, that the most amiable critic cannot be blind to their existence. We thus preface the remarks that we are about to make upon the new play of "Evangeline," as produced on Monday night for the *debut* of Miss Bateman; not that either play or actress is entirely without merit, but because we did so ardently hope we should be enabled to chronicle the triumphant success of both.

We say that we ardently hoped for a complete triumph on Monday last, but can hardly add that we anticipated it, for the poem of "Evangeline" is by no means dramatic, either in construction, characterization or incident. It tells in purely narrative style of events extending through many years, and that which clothed in the garb of delicious poetry is pre-eminently sweet yet sad, becomes when transferred from that "grandest chariot in which King Thoughts ride," and adapted to the exigencies of the stage, wearisome in the extreme. Of course every one is more or less familiar with the fascinating story of "Evangeline," as told in the perfect hexameter of Longfellow, so that it is no necessary for us to follow the plot of the drama which Mrs. Bateman has constructed, further than to say that she has, with commendable discretion, confined herself, as far as practicable, to the incidents of the poem, and produced a play quite as good as we have any right to expect from material so ill adapted to dramatic requirements.

The characters are none of them very clearly defined, the language (except when extracts from the poem are ingeniously interwoven) very common-place, and as a matter of course the action interrupted and discordant. In order to arrive at a happy denouement, the melancholy ending of the poem is represented in a dream on awakening from which Evangeline finds herself restored to her long lost lover. Dramatically this is of course most satisfactory, and we are almost induced to pardon the liberty taken with the original, in view of the end attained. We shall not dwell upon the manner in which this play was acted, for there is no scope in the various characters for either conception or execution. Those parts extracted from the poem are purely poetical, and lose all their individuality when removed from the original setting, and the persons introduced by Mrs. Bateman are old-fashioned and stagey in the extreme, so that it only remains for us to speak of the debutante—Miss Ellen Bateman.

This young lady—she appears very young—has yet much to learn. Her appearance is decidedly in her favor, but her voice lacks fulness, and her manner repose; these, however, are faults that time may entirely amend. She speaks with great distinctness, and renders the author's language intelligently; but we look in vain for that intensity, that passion, that enthusiasm, that bespeak the really grand artiste. Miss Bateman's acting is characterized by good taste and refinement. Great praise we cannot at present accord her; she has plenty of time, however, and no doubt will find abundant opportunity, so that she may yet attain the highest honors.

"Evangeline" is put upon the stage with every care, the scenery is beautiful, the tableaux most effective, and the costumes (if we except that worn by Mr. Jordan in the first act), all that could be desired. The liberality of the management of the Winter Garden in these respects has become proverbial; we fear, however, that despite all the labor, care and expense bestowed upon it, the play will not enjoy a long career, for it scarcely possesses the elements to command either a literary or popular success. We shall be pleased to see Miss Bateman in some rôle better fitted to develop her excellences.

Laura Keene's Theatre.—The very clever comedy, or translation rather, called "Vanity Fair," is attracting large audiences at this house; indeed it affords a most delightful relief after the melo-dramatic effects of "Jeanie Deans." So soon as it ceases to draw, a new Irish drama by the same author will be produced.

Wallack's Theatre.—"The Romance of a Poor Young Man" is still played at this house, the audiences increasing rather than diminishing. Various novelties are ready for immediate production, but probably will not see the light before Easter.

Niblo's.—Mr. and Mrs. Williams are playing their various parts to full houses, and announce a new play.

Barnum's Museum.—This world-renowned establishment still exhibits "What is it?" and no one yet seems to have solved it. It is a living conundrum! The "Octoroon" and "Green Bushes" are the dramatic pieces, and are much admired. In prospect of the visit of the Prince of Wales to this Continent, it would be an excellent thing if our friend Greenwood could get him to exhibit here for a limited period. His father, Prince Albert, is said to be remarkably fond of money!

For Army Intelligence see Page 277.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A curious case of suspended animation took place at Cleveland, Ohio, lately. The functions of life seemed to depart from a young woman who had previously been sick. All pulsation ceased, no breath appeared to dim the surface of the glass, and the body grew cold. After some time medical authority pronounced her dead, and persons were sent for to prepare her for the grave; but when they arrived the dead woman was sitting upright in bed. She was partially unconscious, but was restored, and is now getting quite well. .... **Spiritualism** is playing sad havoc among married people. The wife of a gentleman in Kentucky had been for some months on a visit to her sisters in Boston. Her husband came on to take her back with him a few weeks since, and found that she had become a spiritual medium. He concluded to take her home as speedily as possible. The day arrived, but the lady had eloped with a spiritual "affinity." .... **A Miss Mary Smith** was arrested in Albany, N. Y., for insulting a young gentleman named Hays in the street. Poor young man! .... **The** gold yield in Carson Valley is said to continue plentiful and rich. The ore yields $12,000 to the ton. The vein is that originally opened by the Walsh Company, four hundred running feet of which is still held by that company. An offer of $300,000 has been made to a Mexican who holds a claim on the vein of four feet thick and fifty feet in depth. .... **An** experiment has been made in Canada in reference to the fast trains and the rails. One mile of rail was whitewashed, and on examining it after the passage of a fast train of twelve passenger cars, wherever there were imperfections in the rail, yielding joints, &c., places were found five inches in length which had not been touched, so that the whole train had actually leaped over these spots. .... **Shad** has arrived in the waters of New York. The first was caught off Robin's Reef, on the 17th, by Messrs. Simonson and Smack. .... **A horse** in Montreal, to save itself from falling, seized on Mr. Short by the leg, which it lacerated most fearfully. It held on until beaten to unconsciousness. .... **At** Rockford, Ill., an incendiary fired Winnebago Hall, which was consumed with several other buildings. Loss $40,000, partly insured. .... **The** Post Offices in Canada West will not be opened on Sunday in future. .... **The** fire in Houston, Texas, on the 3d inst., consumed nearly two squares. The loss is estimated at over a quarter of a million of dollars. .... **It** is reported that Governor Bissell, of Illinois, is dangerously ill. .... **Mr. H. S. Boyington** was arrested in New York on Friday night, the 16th inst., as a defaulter to the United States for $200,000; but he was released the next day, as Forney, the Clerk of the House of Representatives, in whose department Mr. B. was, telegraphed that there was no charge against him! Why was he arrested, then? Who is he to blame for the indignity? .... **The** order for the colors to be presented to the Seventh Regiment has been given to J. Goldsborough by the Mayor of Washington. .... **A deaf** mute has been put upon his trial on a charge of murder at Oxford, N. C. The preliminary question was as to whether he was of sufficient mind to understand the nature of the trial and his own rights. A special verdict for the prisoner was agreed upon, and the case carried up to the Supreme Court of the State. If the Supreme Court grants a new trial the whole issue will have to be gone through with again. If a new trial is refused the prisoner's life is saved, but he will have to be placed in the Lunatic Asylum. .... **The** Legislature of Tennessee has passed a bill to tax drummers and merchants who pass through that State selling goods by samples, to put them on a par with resident merchants who do pay taxes. .... **Elkhart**, Indiana, is a great place for grass widows. A most interesting ball was given at that place a week ago by seventy-one of that dangerously fascinating class of the population denominated grass widows. They invited their male friends, and no unmarried lady or lady with a husband about her was admitted. .... **It** is estimated that the number of shoemakers pledged to the present strike is over 15,000. .... **The** proposition to erect a University at the South has met with great favor. Nearly half a million of dollars have already been subscribed for it. .... **It** is rumored that the price of board at the hotels in Charleston during the Convention will be ten dollars a day. Parties from New York and New Orleans, &c., have chartered steamboats, which will be fitted up with every comfort necessary for the voyage out and home, and to serve as hotels during the stay of the charterers in Charleston. .... **The** Ohio delegates to Charleston have engaged a hall large enough to accommodate the delegations from the whole West as an assembly room; it has been engaged for $200 a day for ten days—$2,000; board and lodging for forty-six Ohio delegates, at $5 per day, $2,300. .... **The** cabinetmakers of New York, to the number of 1,000, having struck for higher wages, the bosses agreed to pay an increase of from ten to twenty-five per cent. .... **Several** wives of the Benicia Boy are turning up about the country. We have a Mrs. Ada Isaac Menken Heenan in New York, and New Orleans owns one who signs herself Josephine Heenan. .... **Hugh Lennox Bond** has been appointed Judge of the Criminal Court at Baltimore, in place of Judge Stump, removed for habitual intoxication. .... **A young** lady while dancing at a ball in Tabe g, N. Y., fell suddenly dead upon the floor. .... **Some** mischievous boys overset a vessel containing pitch on the stove in the house of S. G. Gilman of Biddeford, Me., burning one of his little sons to death, and fearfully injuring a son of Mr. Hanscome. .... **There** is considerable excitement in Manchester, N. H., caused by suspicion that a Mr. Healy, recently dead, was the victim of poison administered by his wife. Mrs. Healy and a man named Robinson were suspected of being too intimate, and the fact that they were the only mourners at the funeral of Robinson's wife, and a month afterwards occupying the same position at the funeral of Mrs. Healy's husband, gave rise to grave doubts, resulting in the exhumation of Healy's body. The result of the investigation has not been made known. .... **A terrible** attempt at murder was made recently on a steamboat going down the Mississippi. A gentleman named Harbour, his wife and his clerk, were on board the boat; between the wife and the clerk a close intimacy sprang up, which resulted in an attempt to murder the husband. He was fearfully beaten, but escaped by jumping overboard. The guilty and baffled pair then plundered the boat and escaped. .... **A young** lad in Victoria, near Alexandria, while running along the street with a butcher's knife in his hand, fell, and the knife penetrating his chest, killed him immediately. .... **Mr. Spencer De Witt's** house in Oxford, Mahaska county, Ind., was burned recently, and three of his children perished in the flames. .... **The** "oil" well excitement has spread to Virginia. Oil wells on Hughes's river, Wood county, were yielding as much as thirty barrels per day. Twenty miles from Parkersburg, on the North-western Railroad, cannel coal of superior quality had been discovered, and distilling apparatus was being put up. Near Cairo station, thirty miles out of Parkersburg, a mineral bitumen had been found, which yields sixty-five gallons of oil per ton. .... **Mr. Charles Hosmer,** of Hartford, Conn., has some of the identical "tea" which was gathered up on the Dorchester beach the day after it had been thrown into the Boston harbor in 1773. .... **They** catch pigeons in Cleveland, Ohio, by driving sky rockets into a flock and frightening them so that they fall to the ground, and are pounced upon before they recover from the fright. .... **Mr. Draper,** the agent for the Lynn strikers, has been in New York, collecting material aid. He has gone to Philadelphia. .... **Mr. Barlow,** a Virginian, was victimized the other day to the extent of twenty-five dollars. Meeting with a very amiable stranger, the latter offered to show his Southern companion the sights. Stopping at the door of a store he said he wanted to pay a bill. The storekeeper not being able to change a one hundred dollar bill, the Virginian advanced twenty-five dollars for that purpose. At the corner of the next street the obliging stranger disappeared. Next day the Southerner met his debtor, and gave him into custody. .... **The** Ten Governors have charged in their annual account $9,701 for refreshments. Let us have the particulars. .... **It** is said that the Cunard steamers will soon change their port from Boston to Portland. .... **Dr Carsler,** who some months since eloped with a lady, young enough to be his daughter, has been discovered in Illinois. The unfortunate lady has returned to her friends, and the guilty doctor has sneaked back to his home, to meet with the contempt of all. His malignant wife has left him. .... **The** news from England shows that there were two hundred and five persons on board the ill-fated Hungarian. .... **An** affecting incident took place in Broadway, lately. A poor girl, who had been seduced by a villain, was deserted, and compelled to resort to vice for a living. Her father and brother, who had come to New York to search for her, accidentally meeting her in Broadway, the unhappy victim of man's rascality fell fainting on the pavement. They immediately took charge of her, and are taking steps to have the seducer punished. .... **The** City Hall clock is all ready for striking. The *Daily News* advises the Council of Ten to get out of the way. .... **An** instance of summary justice occurred in Leavenworth lately. On the 14th of March, Moses Young shot his friend, William West. On the 15th he was tried for the murder, and at three o'clock in the afternoon he was hanged. He declared with his dying breath that he had killed his best friend, and for a cause which shall never be known.

The people of England do not suffer the authorities to play such tricks with personal liberty as they do in this favored land. [illegible] Cambridge, England, [illegible] young woman [illegible] [illegible] New York might be [illegible] Captain [illegible] to the public [illegible] by dragging unfortunate girls through the streets. He [illegible] them by this process, not reforms them.

SUNNYSIDE, NEAR TARRYTOWN, ON THE NORTH RIVER—THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S HOME AND MONUMENT.

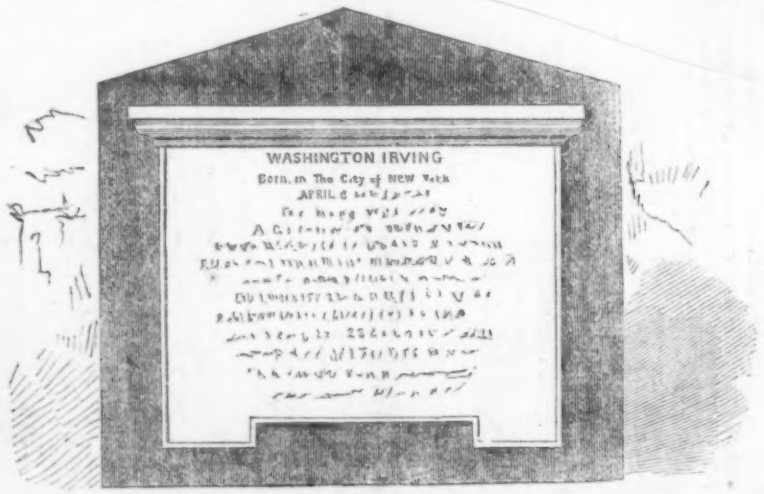
TARRYTOWN has become to America what Stratford-on-Avon is to England—the literary Mecca of the country, the spot known to all readers, the place which every one intends to visit "some time." It would be this had it no associations beyond those which are attached to the name of Irving, and if the home of our author were the humblest of dwellings, situated in the bleakest of regions. Fortunately there are no such drawbacks to its attractiveness. The beauty of the cottage home and its immediate surroundings have more than once called forth tributes of admiration from accomplished authors, familiar with the most charming scenes of the wide world, so that it offers double inducements for a visit.

It is not only fortunate for such pilgrims that Irving lived in one of the most beautiful spots on the lordly Hudson, but also laid the scenes of his most popular legends and sketches in its immediate vicinity. Within the compass of a morning's walk, one may see the Tappaan Zee, the monument erected on the spot where André was captured, the old bridge, the old Dutch church, alluded to so fondly and so frequently in many of Irving's sketches, the road along which Ichabod Crane galloped while pursued by the redoubtable Brom Bones, and Wolfert's Roost, the cottage hallowed by time, by tradition and by the residence of the author.

By reference to the work here alluded to, "Wolfert's Roost," the reader may learn how the old Dutch Wolfert Acker, retiring from the world, sought shelter in this Lust in Rust, or place of pleasant repose. Modern improvements have made it one of the pleasantest cottages in the world, and it has been frequently engraved with reference to its beauty as well as its associations. We are happy to be able to inform the reader that the engraving in this number gives a correct idea of Irving's home. Every artist is aware that houses, particularly sylvan cottages, have their peculiar expression as well as persons; and that while two pictures of the same dwelling may both be literally accurate, one will generally give more truly than the other an impression of the place as it really is.

Those who were present at the interment of Irving will recall the exquisite beauty of the view from the tomb. Those who are most familiar with the Hudson say that there is no spot in its entire length which presents such attractive scenery, heightened by cultivation. The scene itself, so closely identified with his writings and life, is really the best monument—if we may so speak—to his memory; for it recals the dead more forcibly than any work of art could do. The often repeated epitaph,

"Si monumentum quæris, circumspice,"

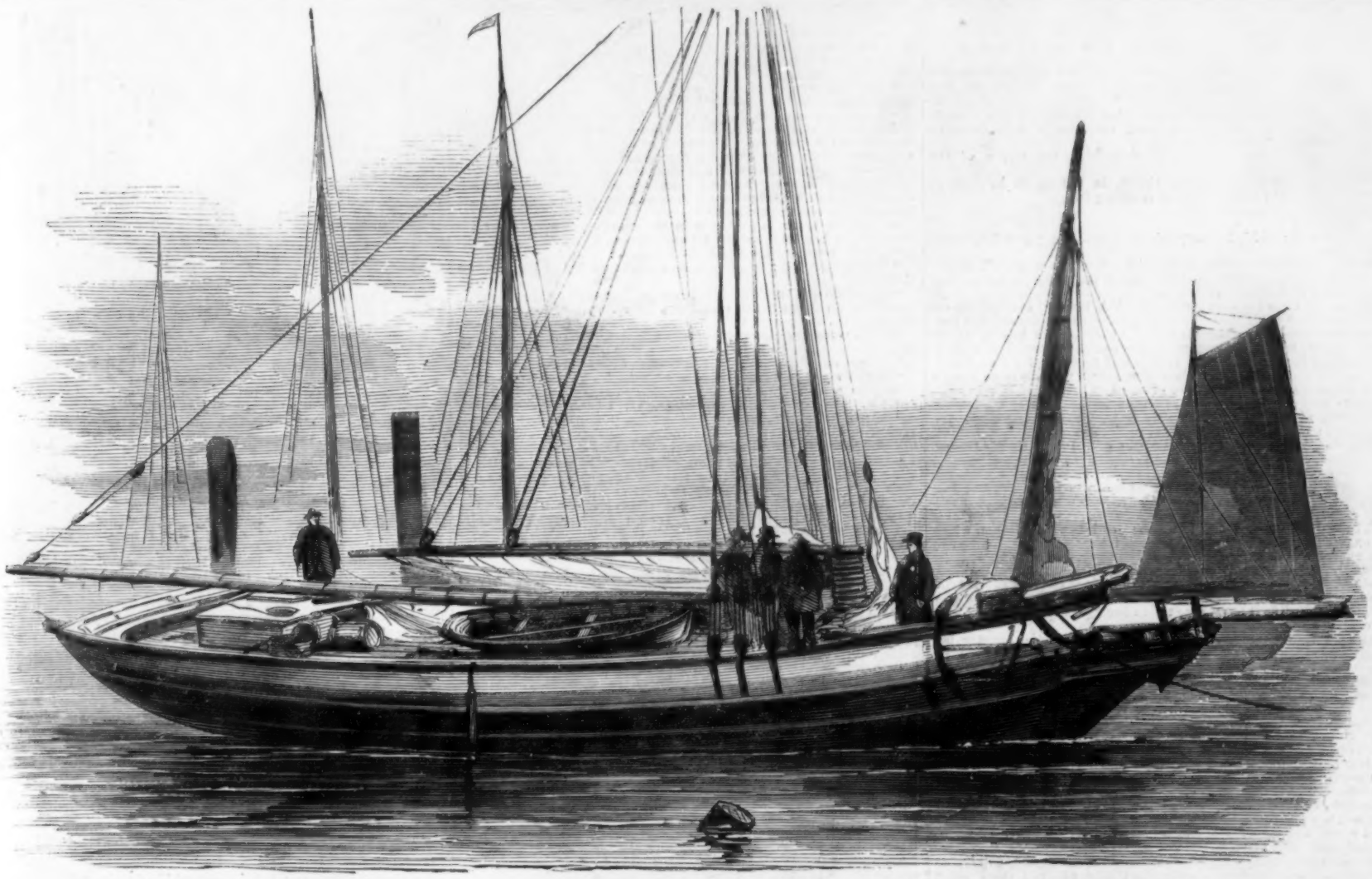


TABLET ERECTED IN CHRIST CHURCH BY THE CHURCHWARDENS, TO THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

is here peculiarly applicable. But it is also appropriate that minor mementos in his honor should be repeated in places identified with his name while living, and such a monument has been placed in the church with which he was so long and intimately connected. The memorial in question bears the following inscription:

WASHINGTON IRVING,
Born in the City of New York, April 3, 1783.
For many years
A COMMUNICANT AND WARDEN
Of this Church, and repeatedly one of its
DELEGATES IN THE CONVENTIONS OF THE DIOCESE.
Loved, Honored and Revered,
He fell asleep in Jesus November 28, 1859.
This Tablet is erected to
HIS MEMORY BY THE VESTRY.

Why should not the city of New York erect a magnificent monument to Irving? There is no city in America, few in the world, owing so much to any one man as New York owes to her great writer. It is due to him that a cheerful genial glow of quaint romance is shed over our early history; he has given an interest, a life and a character to all our local associations with the past, which contributes not a little to render the places more agreeable. Nay, we venture to say that, viewed in a strictly business point of view, Washington Irving's writings have had an immense effect on the value of real estate on the Hudson. They have sent tourists thither, they have called the minds of thousands to its romantic beauty who might not otherwise have thought of it, and they have induced people to build cottages and villas in those sequestered nooks and on those sunny declivities which Irving describes with such love. We would like to see a handsome monument erected to the memory of our Knickerbocker writer. If we might suggest it, we would say that a fountain monument—a bronze statue of Irving, handsomely placed in a niche and over a fountain, where the thirsty might be refreshed, would be an appropriate form for such a memorial. Such combinations of beauty and utility are common enough in Europe, and would, doubtless, be so here, were a beginning only made and a few examples set. But whatever the pattern is to be, let us have a city monument to Irving. Those who have natural feelings and a genial nature will certainly have nothing to object to our suggestion that such a monument be erected.



MYSTERIOUS MURDER—THE SLOOP E. A JOHNSON, ON BOARD OF WHICH IT IS SUPPOSED A BRUTAL MURDER HAS BEEN PERPETRATED.—SEE PAGE 277.

THE HANGING OF STEVENS AND HAZLETT AT CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

The closing scene of the Harper's Ferry Insurrection was the execution of Stevens and Hazlett at Charlestown, Va., on Friday, the 16th of March. Every effort had been made to procure from the Legislature of Virginia a commutation of the sentence of these unhappy men; but all intercession was refused, and the sentence of the law was carried out sternly and justly.

After the execution, which created but little excitement, the bodies of Stevens and Hazlett were sent on by Adams's Express to Marcus Spring, Esq., at Eaglewood, near Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Spring was the firm friend of Stevens, and undertook to pay the last rites of burial to the misguided man. Hazlett, who seemed to have no friends to whom he could appeal for these last offices of humanity, begged that he might not be separated in death from his friend Stevens. His wishes were respected, and they both share the same grave.

An affecting incident we must mention in connection with Stevens. His betrothed bride accompanied his remains from Charlestown to Eaglewood, and wept over the remains of the one whom she so fondly loved, and whose lot in life she had hoped to share. Who shall picture the grief of that true heart!

With the dead should die all enmity. Let the past be buried in their graves.

GEORGE WOOD, ESQ.

This eminent member of the New York bar was born near Trenton, New Jersey, in 1790, of respectable parents. After receiving an excellent education at Princeton College, he resolved to study the science of law, and for that purpose entered the office of Mr. Richard Stockton, the father to the present Commodore. He soon became famous in New Jersey for his learning, eloquence and talent.

Rightly concluding that New York was the proper sphere for his rising fame, he came to the Empire City, and entered upon the study of real estate and chancery cases with great energy and research. In this department of legal experience he had few rivals. The Court of Appeals and Supreme Courts were frequently the scenes of his victories, which gained for him so wide a reputation that he was almost forced into political importance. His natural courtesy and habits of reasoning, however kept him on the side of moderation, and he was considered as a very liberal Old Line Whig, what is now known as the Conservative.

During the Compromise Measures of 1850, Mr. Wood presided at the great Union meeting at Castle Garden, being then, as indeed he always was, a determined enemy to all sectional agitation. About two years ago he retired with a handsome competence from the active pursuits of his profession, with the prospect of several years before him. A few months since he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which, on the 18th inst., terminated his existence. In person he was portly and commanding, his appearance and manners dignified and impressive. He was one of the old school, without its precision. His mind was logical, and his arguments were more calculated to impress the bench than the jury. He was, emphatically, a staunch advocate of the law truthfully expounded and honestly administered.

A Bombay merchant recently killed a tiger with strychnine. Seeing one of those unpleasant visitors in his garden, he put some strychnine on a piece of meat and left it in his reach. The unfortunate beast's gluttony was his ruin—he ate and died.

THE MYSTERY:

OR, THE

GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH.

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It would have been something remarkable indeed had our travellers traversed the garden of Lombardy and the lovely Val d'Arno, without one solitary adventure, at a period when a thousand secret springs—passions, feelings, hopes and fears—were agitating—silently preparing for a contest which, if doomed to terminate unsuccessfully, added at least another indignant protest to the many Italy had already signed in the blood of her noblest citizens against the tyranny of her rulers—an additional proof that her long sleep was not the sleep of death, but the torpor produced by slavery.

Political physicians, called statesmen, pronounced Italy, as a nation, to be dead—simply a geographical distinction—an imaginary line on the map of Europe, and treated her convulsive struggles as mere muscular phenomena—the movements of a galvanised corpse; few sympathised with her sufferings, or believed in her vitality.

Those only who have traversed Italy—that land of beauty and desolation, so rich in records of past greatness; its very ashes eloquent—can imagine the delight of the young Englishmen, as city after city, rich in historic recollections; ruins, the relics of earth's masters; battle-fields that changed the fate of nations; or some well-known spot hallowed as the birthplace of genius rose to their view, imparting an interest distinct from the loveliness of Nature—a lesson and a picture both in one.

The smile of their guardian sympathised with the enthusiasm. He knew that such sensations are not only the purest, but the most delicious in the life of youth—treasures that memory stores for age to profit by—and was far too wise to check them.

No matter how oppressive the heat of the day, or distant the object that attracted the attention of his wards, the instant they sprang from the carriage Major Henderson and Peter Marl were ready to accompany them.

Four men well armed had not much to fear from brigands; and many a picturesque spot, the sites of Etruscan cities or fallen temples, removed from the beaten track and ignored by guide books, rewarded their search.

Although the inducements to digress are tempting, as we are not writing an itinerary, we shall resist them, and forbear describing the progress of our travellers, stage by stage, upon their way. Parma, Bologna, Florence and Sienna were passed, and they had arrived within a day's journey of the Eternal City, when the secret wishes of the two friends, of beholding a storm amongst the mountains, were unexpectedly gratified, to the great annoyance of the postilions, who had frequently and uselessly remonstrated at what they considered the unnecessary delays of the journey.

Just before sunset huge masses of dark, threatening clouds rose from the horizon, and a cold easterly wind—the dreaded *tramontano*—swept from the high range of the Apennines they had lately quitted, as if eager to overtake them. All Nature portended a convulsion—the hoarse scream of the eagle, as, with heavy wing, it sought its solitary nest—the sudden stillness of insect life—the fantastic waving of the branches of the pine trees that belted the crags, leaving their granite tops exposed and bald, were so many unerring signs of the approaching battle of the elements.

Night had enveloped the heavens as with a pall, thick, black and impenetrable; not a star was to be seen, when the tempest burst in all its grandeur and sublimity. Broad-sheeted lightning, broken at rapid intervals by the thunder peal that woke the mountain echoes, rendered for an instant the landscape visible, then left it in darkness so profound, that the drivers found it necessary to dismount and lead their terrified horses.

Several times the carriage appeared enveloped in a cloud of sulphurous flame, displaying to the inmates the awe-stricken features of their companions.

"Sublime!" murmured Oliver.

Phil silently pressed his hand.

"Beautiful," observed the major; "as are all the phenomena of Nature."

Notwithstanding the profound respect he entertained for the opinions both of his master and our hero, Peter Marl could not help secretly wishing the tempest would cease, or had delayed its outbreak till they had reached the shelter of the post house. The major and his wards, he con-

THE LATE GEORGE WOOD, ESQ., A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

sidered might have admired it quite as well under shelter of a comfortable roof and a good supper on the table.

But it was far from being over yet. Crash succeeded crash with terrible fury, and the rain descended more like a deluge than a shower.

The horses at last became so restive, that the travellers deemed it safest, despite the inclemency of the night, to quit the carriage, and seek a temporary refuge beneath the overhanging rocks that skirted one side of the road. The other presented a precipice so profound that even the broad sheeted lightning only partially disclosed its rugged depths.

"How far is the post house?" demanded the major of the postilions.

"Eight miles," answered the eldest, in a tone so helpless as proved how slight was his hope of reaching it.

"Is there no nearer shelter?"

"No, signor."

"*Sì, Pinco; sì!*" interrupted his comrade; "you forget the Casa Inglesi."

Pauto crossed himself devoutly and muttered the word "*Eretico!*" It is extraordinary how devout Italians of the lower order become in moments of difficulty or danger.

The words Casa Inglesi (literally English house), excited the curiosity of the, by this time, thoroughly crestfallen travellers, and conjured up visions of comfortable rooms, cheerful fires and an excellent supper, which the *eretico* of the postilion tended to confirm rather than dissipate. At any rate, it had no terror for them; and having ascertained that the place in question was not more than a mile distant, they determined to proceed on foot.

Their progress was necessarily slow on account of the horses which had to be led. On their way Major Henderson learned the following particulars of their guide:

The "Casa Inglesi" it appeared, was one of those fortified farms so common in the Campagna and belonged to the Spada family. For the last ten years it had been occupied by an Englishman—the postilions knew him by no other name—who, it appeared, had greatly disgusted the peasantry by introducing a new-fangled system of cultivation amongst them. As the lands formed part of a fief, he had a right to a certain amount of labor from them, which he exacted with unflinching firmness. Like most innovators, he had not succeeded in establishing his authority without danger; the place had been twice attacked by brigands, and the outbuildings containing his wine and oil presses, set on fire. Several of the brigands were shot by the obstinate heretic and the conflagration was extinguished without any very serious damage to the presses, which he compelled the peasants to repair.

Among they could neither resist nor frighten the persevering Englishman, the feeling of hostility gradually could cease, and the Barone accepted—unwillingly, of course; but still they did accept them—the benefits his industry and perseverance gradually spread throughout the district. In none of the neighboring communes were the rents so regularly paid, or the inhabitants in such easy circumstances.

It is not to be supposed that such results could have been achieved by the unassisted energy of one man, and that man a stranger. The priestly owner of the fief finding his advantage in the improved state of affairs, supported him with the full weight of his influence and authority. The magistrates and police received orders to protect his person and property. For the first, the intruder trusted, it seemed, chiefly to himself, never quitting the house unless well armed and accompanied by several ferocious dogs, the terror of marauders and evil doers in the neighborhood.

As our readers may suppose, the travellers felt greatly interested by this account of their countryman; they admired the energy, indomitable pluck and self reliance which would lead a man to cast his lot on a foreign soil, and maintain his position, despite the prejudices and opposition of those around him.

"And he has no family?" inquired Oliver.

"One son, signor, about your own age, who generally resides in Rome—he is to be a painter, I have heard—and a terrible number of dogs," answered Pauto, naively enumerating the animals as a part of the family. "They are not like our country dogs," he added; "but only ferocious brutes, with large flat heads, blood-hot eyes, and teeth—blessed St. Anthony, such teeth! I have seen one of them pull down a buffalo!"

"Bulldogs!" exclaimed Phil, highly amused by the description.

The distance they had to walk was little over a mile, and yet it took the speakers an hour at least to reach the valley, which ran parallel with, rather than formed part of the Campagna. The storm had not yet abated, and by its vivid flashes they perceived what at first sight appeared a fortress, in the style of the middle ages. A high wall with loopholes for musketry surrounded the principal building which could only be approached by a turreted gateway.

"*Eccoci: Casa Inglesi!*" cried both the postilions, in a cheerful tone. Being in company with Englishmen, their terrors at the thought of passing a night in it had vanished, or, at least, were considerably abated.

The edifice had doubtless been erected in troublesome times, and occupied accordingly by its former possessors as a turning tower—the neighborhood abounding in wild boars, porcupines and game.

Although the red light streaming through the strongly barred windows indicated the inhabitants had not yet retired to rest, some time elapsed before the lonighted and by this time thoroughly drenched wanderers, by knocking and shouting, could make them hear, so loud was the roaring of the tempest. A man appeared at last at one of the windows and demanded who was there.

"Travellers overtaken by the storm," answered Major Henderson, speaking in Italian, "who request shelter."

"*Inglesi!*" shouted the postilions.

The face disappeared from the window.

"If you are really English," exclaimed a youthful voice, "speak to me in your language."

As a matter of course the request was instantly complied with, when the great gates were immediately unbarred and the party admitted into a vast hall, which occupied more than half the lower portion of the building. To their great delight a pile of fagots blazed cheerfully in the huge chimney, near which a shepherd, dressed in a rough garment of goatskins, was seated.

"Quiet Haro!—quiet!" cried a tall, gentlemanly youth to a magnificent bloodhound, which had risen to its feet at the sight of strangers and uttered a low, hoarse growl.

The animal crouched before the fire in an instant.

"Do not think me churlish or inhospitable," said the speaker, advancing to meet his unexpected guests; "but this country is not like England, and, in my father's absence, I cannot be too cautious. It is but a rough reception I have to offer you," he added—"shelter, rustic fare, and the wine of the Alban vineyards."

The travellers assured him that they considered themselves fortunate in obtaining even the first.

"Philippo," continued their host, addressing the man in goatskins, doubtless the same who had first answered the travellers' summons, "see to the horses; then return and aid me in procuring supper for our visitors."

These directions were given in Italian. The shepherd rose from his seat, and whistled to the hounds to accompany him.

"You might as well have spoken English, sir," said Peter Mail, with his usual terseness.

The major and his wards regarded the old soldier with surprise.

"No Italian," added Peter, "ever whistled like that."

"Silence, Peter!" exclaimed his master.

The offender touched his cap with a military air.

"He is quite right," exclaimed their host, with an unembarrassed air; "Pippo is an Englishman; but I am accustomed to address him in Italian. In fact," he added, "I rarely speak any other language."

"Since you quitted England, I presume?" observed the major.

"I have never been in England," replied the youth, coloring slightly.

With the assistance of Peter Mail and the man in goatskins, the luggage was brought into the hall by the postilions, who were shown where to secure the horses and carriage for the night.

The gates of the Casa Inglesi were then barred against all intruders.

Our travellers, having changed their drenched garments, drew around the fire while a supper was being prepared—an operation in which the assistance of Peter Mail proved invaluable. The old campaigner had not forgotten the lessons in cookery necessarily taught him in the Peninsula, but could improvise a meal out of very scanty materials. Fortunately, his innovative powers were not very severely taxed; there was a kid, freshly killed in the house, and an abundant supply of polenta—a species of cake made from Indian corn, and the common succedaneum for bread amongst the peasants of Italy.

Nothing could be more natural and unembarrassed than the ease with which their youthful host did the honors of his singular abode—singular, at least, for one of his education and refinement. Of himself he spoke freely, his tastes, studies and pursuits in Rome; the only appearance of reserve was when alluding to his father, whose absence he regretted.

"You cannot imagine, he said, "the happiness of a student's life in Rome; his wants are so few, his pleasures so many. However threadbare his coat, the galleries of princes are open to him; he may pass days in them studying, copying, dreaming at leisure. The studies of our great painters and sculptors are equally accessible; Thorwaldsen is never happier than when he can assist, by his counsel and purse, some tyro in art; our own countryman, Gibson, is not behind him in generosity."

"I long to know and mingle in the scenes you speak of," exclaimed our hero, warmed by his enthusiasm.

"You?" repeated the youth, with a smile.

"Why not? Is it necessary to be an artist to feel and appreciate them?"

"Certainly not," replied his fellow countryman; "and in a German or a Frenchman the desire would not have surprised me, but in an Englishman——"

He hesitated; candor and love of truth seemed struggling against the sore hesitation of uttering something that possibly might wound.

"Well," said Oliver, "in an Englishman?"

"They do not generally mingle with us," observed the youth; "they are too rich, and the majority too reserved; their life is not our life, their pleasures not our pleasures. I have frequently been deeply pained and mortified," he added, "by the cold indifference with which they received my advances—charging, perhaps, to a well-bred stare when I informed them that I was an Englishman."

"Become a celebrity," exclaimed Major Henderson, "and you will no longer complain of their hauteur or exclusiveness, but find their condescension even more oppressive than their coldness. Englishmen are passionate admirers of genius," he added; "but they never assist its early struggles, nor cheer them with a smile, for fear, perhaps, of mistaking pinchbeck for pure gold. Once let it receive the stamp that gives it currency, and they kneel and worship it."

"Major, major!" interrupted his young companions, "this from you?"

"It is a sad truth," replied the veteran. "I am the last that would knowingly be guilty of injustice to my countrymen, but in England the struggles of genius are a succession of battles against poverty and neglect. The world looks coldly on, and cries, '*Væ victis!*—Woe to the vanquished!'"

It was late before the travellers retired to rest. There was a freshness in the feelings and thoughts of the singular youth that lent a charm to conversation. Oliver and Phil both felt its influence, which their guardian, with all his experience against first impressions, did not entirely escape.

"It is rather a desolate-looking place," said their host, who conducted the young men to their chamber; "but you may sleep in perfect safety here, and that is more than could be vouched for in many a well-furnished albergo. Good-night."

"Good-night," repeated our hero, extending his hand to him. "By the bye, you have not yet told us by what name to address you?"

"Ernest," replied the young man, "Ernest Austin. Why do you ask it?"

"We generally desire to know the name of those we like," observed Oliver Brandreth, with a smile.

Instead of quitting the room, his new acquaintance—friend is scarcely the word to designate him yet—seated himself near the window, and for several instants appeared buried in reflection.

"What are you thinking of?" demanded the speaker. "Surely there can be nothing in the request to offend you."

"On the contrary," said Ernest, "it has gratified me deeply."

"And yet you muse!"

"I was asking myself whether your words were merely a form of politeness—words to be forgotten as soon as uttered—the payment of a courtesy which, on a night like this, humanity would extend to the meanest of its fellows; or the expression of a genuine feeling. I has been the desire of my life," he added, "to possess an Englishman for my friend."

"You may have two, if you will accept them," exclaimed Phil. "Why should you doubt us?"

"I am poor," answered Ernest, without the slightest appearance of shame or embarrassment in making the avowal, "and poverty is sensitive."

"And what has poverty to do with friendship?" demanded our hero. "I begin to suspect that pride would have been the more fitting word. Had I suspected for an instant that you were rich or of high rank, the proffer would not have been made. I detest a snob-hunter."

"Friendship requires equality," observed the youth, whose opinions, for one of his age, to say the least of them, were exceedingly singular; "and you are rich."

"In one respect you are right," said Oliver, seriously. "Equality in honor, truth, courage and those higher qualities that constitute its charm, friendship indeed demands. But wealth! pshaw! 'tis the mere dross of life. Perhaps you will say I rail against it because, like yourself, I have little to boast of."

"I am glad of that," answered Ernest, grasping him warmly by the hand. "I cannot tell you how happy the avowal has made me. And your friend?"

"Oh! he is rich," exclaimed the young Englishman, laughingly. "The heir of his guardian only knows how many thousands a year—lands, forests, plantations—half an island, isn't it? Therefore you must treat him, as I do, with the utmost deference and profound respect. "Phil," he added, "throw me my slippers. Thanks, old fellow."

This little incident did more to cure their new acquaintance of a feeling that in time might have grown morbid, than an hour's reasoning would have accomplished.

"Thank you," he said, after once more wishing them good night, "I shall not forget the lesson."

"All right," answered Oliver; "you will come and see us in Rome."

"Phil," he added, as soon as they were alone, "what does this room remind you of?"

It was a far more desolate-looking chamber than the one in which they had passed the night at Rockingham Hall, to which the speaker alluded. The walls were of unhewn stone roughly cemented together, the floor paved with square tiles, such as in England would have been used in barns and outhouses; one large casteless window looked into the courtyard, and, as the storm had now ceased, afforded sufficient light for the inmates to examine the huge rafters of oak, garnished with heads of maize, hams of wild boar, and dried meat for winter provision.

The beds consisted of little more than heaps of leaves of the Indian corn—a very common substitute in Italy for feathers, with this advantage also, that they are much cleaner.

Evidently there had been no attempt to disguise the poverty of the inhabitants of the Casa Inglesi.

"Well, I like it much better than the apartment you allude to," replied his friend. "I never wish to see that again."

"Nor I," said Oliver, with a shudder.

"I looked like a charnel-house, and I am sure was quite as damp as one—but don't let's talk of that now. We have escaped an adventure for this night at least, and I do not, shall sleep as soundly here as we did under Richard and John Compton's roof in London."

Phil was mistaken. Sleep will not always come when we desire it. The body may be fatigued and worn and yet the brain continue active, analysing its impressions. For more than an hour the young men continued to converse on the events of the day—the storm, its terrible grandeur—the Casa Inglesi, and its singular occupants.

Just as their drooping eyelids gave signal of repose, the baying of at least a dozen dogs in the courtyard below startled them in their beds, and they rushed to the window to ascertain the cause.

A single horseman, mounted on a powerful black steed, was clamoring for admission, and shouting the names of "Ernest"—"Philip."

An involuntary exclamation of surprise broke from Oliver and Phil as they recognized in the speaker the mysterious beggar of Milan. There was no mistaking the evenly-balanced voice, the calm authoritative accents in which he chid the dog, who speedily changed their furious barking for a succession of joyous whines as they came leaping around him.

"Down Haro, down Rock," he repeated.

By this time Ernest and the man in goatskins made their appearance.

"This was, father," said the former, after welcoming the mendicant, "Philip will take your horse. We have guests in the house."

The young men fancied his parent repeated the word "guests" in a dissatisfied tone, and they withdrew from the window. Their curiosity had been involuntary—at first almost an alarm. Satisfied there was no danger to apprehend, a sense of what was due to the hospitality they had received, as well as a feeling of honor, forbade them to act the part of listeners.

"His father," repeated our hero, "I trust, for Ernest's sake, there is no guilt in so much mystery."

The sun was streaming gloriously into the chamber of the two friends, when at an early hour the following morning the owner of the Casa Inglesi entered and quietly woke them from their sleep. We need scarcely add that both the young men regarded him with intense interest.

The ragged mantello and slouched hat were cast aside, and he was now dressed in the habiliments of a landowner or farmer. His age might have been fifty; probably something less, due allowance being made for the deep lines which sorrow rather than time had traced upon his brow. A heavy beard and moustache completely concealed the expression of the lower part of his features.

It was a countenance once seen not easily forgotten; the eyes, large lustrous and black, were most remarkable.

"Where have I seen those eyes before?" Oliver mentally asked himself. "They never struck me at Milan."

"Some man would have avoided this meeting," said their singular visitor. "I have sought it. My son has informed me not only of the circumstances under which you became my guests but of the disposition which he asserts mutually exists to cultivate further acquaintance. Friendship I believe was the word," he added.

"It should have been, if it described our feelings towards him," replied our hero. "But perhaps you do not believe in such a thing as friendship?"

"It is because I do believe in it," replied his host, haughtily, "that I wish to ascertain the impression our acquaintance at Milan—if I may term it such—made upon you. Our last interview must have convinced you that I am no ordinary beggar."

"Shall I tell you?" demanded Phil, at a loss to account for the peculiar expression which gradually stole over the features of his friend whilst the supposed mendicant was speaking.

"At last we took you for a spy; but after the meeting with Cimitelli, we came to the conclusion that you were a leader of the Carbonari, or some other political association, which considered disguise necessary."

"And you formed no degrading opinion of me?"

"None," exclaimed both the young men.

"It is better then I should not explain the mystery," observed the gentleman, for such his language and bearing proved him to be, at least, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. "The knowledge might place you hereafter in an embarrassing position. For the same reason I have kept it a secret from my son. He believes his father to be poor, but he is not ashamed of his poverty."

"Ashamed!" repeated Oliver, "I believe he rather glories in it."

For several instants there was a silence. Their host looked as if this was not exactly the answer he expected.

"I see," added the speaker, "you wish to conceal the circumstances under which we twice met from Ernest. My dear sir, why did you not say so? Phil and myself are the veriest dunces in the world at divining riddles."

"Unless they interest you," observed Mr. Austin, with a smile.

Phil could not imagine why this simple observation should heighten the color of his friend, and the father of Ernest appeared equally surprised. At the very instant the latter uttered the words, Oliver recollected a certain portrait at Rockingham Hall, and involuntarily shuddered.

"It cannot be," he mentally exclaimed. "I deceive myself—and yet the eyes are marvellously like."

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

FROM the day Peter Mail set foot upon a foreign soil, his habits, as an old campaigner, returned as naturally as though he had never quitted the service or exchanged his sword for a pruning knife. Once amongst the mousseers, he suspected everybody and everything; and although reluctantly convinced that the inhabitants of the Casa Inglesi were really English, he scarcely made an exception in their favor.

No man in his senses, he sagaciously argued, that could show his face in England and earn honest bread would ever think of quitting it; and he determined to keep a sharp eye, not only on the owner of the house, but upon the man in goatskins.

Peter entertained a very doubtful opinion of him.

Much to Major Henderson's annoyance, the old soldier insisted upon removing every article of luggage into the room or rather loft, in which he slept, observing that he was responsible for its safety; and had passed the night with it piled against the door, pistols by his side, ready for action.

Probably he was as much disappointed as surprised on finding in the morning, that everything was in its place. He would rather have liked a "brush" than not; besides it would have given him an opportunity of privately chuckling at his superior sagacity—a quality on which he prided himself.

Descending into the hall, he found Philip hospitably intent on preparing breakfast.

Peter seated himself near the fire to watch him.

"A roughish sort of country this?" he observed, by way of commencing conversation.

"Very rough."

"But fine at times?"

"Very fine."

"That was very excellent wine we drank last night."

"Very excellent."

"Did your master make it?"

"Master made it."

"Much of it?"

"Plenty."

"Civil," thought Peter, "but not very communicative. I'll try him on another tack."

"Have you been very long in this country?" he resumed.

"Very long."

"Almost forgotten England, I suppose?"

"A must."

"What part do you come from?"

"The place where I was born and bred."

"And your master?"

"From the place where he was born and bred."

"And where was that?"

"Better ask him," replied the man in goatskins, with a broad grin upon his frank visage; "I am not fond of an answering idle questions."

"So it seems," replied the old soldier, greatly annoyed at his failure. "Thank you."

"You are quite welcome," said Philip, "to any information you have obtained from me."

When anything particularly puzzled or annoyed him, Peter Mail's invariable resource was his pipe, which he now filled and began to smoke. As the perfume of the rich Virginia rose in a thin vapory cloud, the eyes of the man in goatskins began to sparkle. He drew his breath slowly, inhaling the odor with evident gusto.

Poor fellow, it was years since he had met with anything like it; tobacco in Italy, being a Government monopoly, is invariably execrable.

"That's excellent tobacco!" he exclaimed.

"Very excellent," replied Peter.

"Did you bring it from England?"

"Yes."

"Have you much of it?"

"Plenty."

And the old soldier laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. He had retorted in the querist's own style, almost his very words, and his *amour propre* was satisfied.

"Try it," he said good-naturedly, handing him his pouch. "It ain't to bribe you," he added, perceiving that the man in goatskins hesitated. "If you have received the consign you are right to keep it."

Philip nodded and filled his pipe.

"Now, I ain't agin to pump you," resumed the speaker. "I respect a man that knows what duty is and sticks up to it; but it does seem rather hard that two Englishmen should meet in a foreign land and only say 'yes' and 'no' to each other."

"Very hard."

"That's a fine young fellow who received us so hospitably last night. There is no mistake about him. My young gentlemen seemed to take to him mightily."

If Peter Marl had been annoyed by his fellow-countryman's taciturnity, he was now equally surprised by the burst of rude natural eloquence with which he spoke of Ernest, whom he described as one of the noblest beings upon earth. The old soldier had touched the right key at last.

"Would you believe it," said Philip, "he walked all the way from Rome—in the season of the malaria too—because he heard that I was ill of the fever, and watched me day and night till I recovered—waited on me as if I had been the master and he the servant! The peasants and neighboring farmers, who hate his father, always welcome him—treat him as one of themselves—love him as if he had been born amongst them."

"He was not born here, then?"

"No."

"In England?"

"No."

"On guard again," exclaimed Peter, with a laugh, at the same time making a movement with the hand as if engaged in a fencing bout.

The man in the goatskins laughed.

"There is one thing I can't help remarking," added his countryman: "I mean no offence, but it is on my mind, and I must out with it—in fact, I'm disgusted—intensely disgusted—at seeing an Englishman in such a plight. Poor as I suppose he is, your master might put you into a decent suit of cords, or even fustians, instead of dressing you up like a wild beast."

"It's the dress worn by all the shepherds in the Campagna," replied Philip, philosophically; "and I am used to it."

"I've heard that use is second nature," observed the old soldier. "And so you are a shepherd, are you?"

"Yes."

"And have sheep?"

"Plenty."

"Your master isn't so very poor, then?"

"Who told you he was poor?" demanded Philip. "You must not judge from appearances," he continued, in answer to the significant glance Peter cast on the bare walls.

"Perhaps he is rich, then?" said the latter.

"I did not say that."

"Saving for his son?"

The man in the skins made a rapid movement from the wrist, as if parrying a thrust.

"You have served!" exclaimed Peter Marl, seizing him by the hand; "it's no use denying it, that never came by instinct. I am an old soldier; you can't deceive me."

Philip reluctantly admitted that he had served, but declined stating where, under whom, or in what regiment; and, to cut short the conversation, proposed a visit to the courtyard, to look after the carriage and the postilions.

They found the latter voluntary prisoners in the loft, where they had passed the night, afraid to descend on account of several bulldogs. The sagacious animals had discovered their retreat, and regularly mounted guard. At the slightest movement of the men they uttered low, fierce growls.

Philip called them off.

At the sound of his voice they came bounding towards him, sniffed at Peter, and finally permitted him to caress them.

Of the Italians they took no further notice.

"Cospetto" exclaimed Paolo, "only look at the ferocious brutes. They are playful as kids with their own countrymen. What teeth!"

There was little doubt but the occupant of Casa Inglesi owed his safety as much to the error inspired by these animals as to his own individual courage. It is an article of faith amongst the peasantry that the bulldogs are perfectly capable of devouring a man at a single meal.

Meanwhile Major Henderson and his wards were partaking of the plain but simple breakfast the man in goatskins had prepared, and to which their host and his son did the honors with quiet, well-bred ease. There was neither a weak attempt at display, nor what would have been more absurd, the slightest anxiety to conceal the poverty of their establishment.

Plates, dishes, knives and forks—everything appeared of the commonest description.

The conversation of the elder Austin interested the major exceedingly. He was struck by the justness and boldness of his views on the actual state of Italy, as well as the freedom with which he expressed them.

"You should have been a statesman," he observed, "and not a farmer."

"I might cite Cincinnatus to show the two conditions are not incompatible," answered his host, with a smile. "When evils are brought home to us we not only feel them more keenly, but begin to analyse them. What, for instance, can be more manifestly unjust than the tenure of land? The proprietors of the great fiefs parcel them out into farms, receiving two-thirds, and in many instances three-fourths of the produce. That is not all. The unfortunate tenant who finds cattle, labor, seed, is compelled to sell the remaining portion of his harvest at an arbitrary price, fixed by the factors of their landlords."

"Surely such is not the custom throughout Italy?" said our hero.

"Chiefly in the Roman States," replied their informant. "In the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, as the Austrian provinces are called, the law is somewhat different."

"Poor Venice!" sighed Phil, "how I long to visit it!"

"And what will you behold?" exclaimed Mr. Austin. "Ruins—sad irreparable ruins. Venice, once so rich and powerful now possesses neither life nor movement. During years of wanderings in many lands, I have never seen a spectacle more sad and instructive than that doomed city, fallen beneath the stranger's rule, its population reduced more than half, toiling painfully to procure a scanty precarious existence. Its nobles, beggars or exiles from the land to which they gave so many sovereigns; its palaces, suffered to fall gradually to decay for want of their owner's means to repair them, or sold to the Jews for their materials; its commerce, for ages the source of prosperity and wealth, systematically forced to the favored Austrian port of Trieste. Men dare not even murmur; the police are omnipotent; the slightest suspicion is enough to plunge the unfortunate Venetian in a subterranean cell, where he is both morally and physically tortured.

"What does the citizen of this once proud state behold," he continued, "when he walks abroad? A northern satrap, whose will is life or death, in the palace of its hundred doges—cannon charged to the mouth in all the public places—proving too plainly the nature of the yoke imposed by the sovereign the Congress of Verona gave them. Not that there really exists," added the speaker, bitterly, "the slightest necessity for such a display. The Venetians, for ages, were fettered to the yoke by their aristocratic rulers; and their new masters but repeat in another language the word they were so long accustomed to hear—obey! It signifies but little to them in what tongue or idiom is pronounced the eternal formula of their slavery. At the time of her fall, the rulers and citizens of Venice had lost the instinct of all noble thoughts, the consciousness of that moral force which alone can save a country in moments of peril.

"The political crime which effaced Venice from the list of nations was but the tardy justice of God."

"Surely," observed Oliver, "you cannot deem her punishment eternal."

"No," replied the extraordinary being who had drawn such a vivid picture of a people's degradation. "Mercy only is eternal!"

"And Rome?"

"Of Rome you will judge for yourselves," said Mr. Austin. "Although not her subject, I live under her laws. I would rather not speak of the Eternal City."

By this time breakfast was concluded and the carriage at the door.

Major Henderson gave the signal to depart. His wards obeyed it reluctantly, so greatly had the conversation of their host interested them. Oliver, in particular, earnestly wished to study him more closely.

"Farewell," he said, as he grasped the hand of his new-made friend, "we shall soon see you in Rome, I trust."

Ernest regarded his father as if the answer depended upon him.

"In about ten days," replied the latter. "The harvest is now over, and there will be little to do before spring. We can leave the farm for a month or two at least to the care of Philip."

This was the first intimation his son had received of the speaker's intention to accompany him.

"Pray do not forget the friends that will be anxiously expecting you," exclaimed the major, as he stepped into the vehicle. "You will find our address at Tortonia's."

As they drove off he slipped into the hand of the man in goatskins a *buono mano* that would have made an Italian stare.

The drive through the Campagna admirably prepares the traveller for his entrance to Rome. The country is flat, wild and barren, the vegetation scanty, barely sufficient to afford pasture to the numerous herds of buffaloes that roam at large in a half wild state, and have to be regularly hunted when their owners require them.

Occasionally the remains of some stupendous aqueduct, fallen temple or ruined fortress, the stronghold of one of Rome's feudal tyrants in the middle ages, met their view, and called forth expressions of admiration; but the prevailing feeling was that of sadness. They felt as if approaching a nation's tomb.

The "Ecco la Roma," the open sesame to the imagination, was at last shouted by the postilions, who drew up on reaching the Ponte Mola to point out the first view of Rome.

Magnificently in the golden sunset, which lingered over the scene as if it loved it, rose the unrivalled dome of St. Peter's—the crowning wonder of the vast genius of Michael Angelo, and the only fitting monument to his memory.

It would be difficult to paint the feelings of the young travellers on their first view of the Eternal City; we can only compare them to emotions expressed on the realization of some fairy dream or poetic vision.

A senior wrangler might succeed, perhaps, in describing them; but we have never had the good or ill fortune of being on terms of intimacy with one.

It was Rome that they beheld—the inheritor of the civilization of the East—of Babylon, Egypt, Greece.

Rome! In that one word the history of the world is told.

After a few days' residence within its walls, the excitement of his wards, as Major Henderson foresaw, toned down, and a sense of sadness and humiliation succeeded. They found beggars in the Forum and the Capitol, beggars at the gates of the palaces and temples. Rome is the very capital of mendicity; if her citizens have lost every other privilege, they still retain the right to beg! At the entrance of her churches and museums strong arms are extended, and "*Carita, Carita!*" is repeated on every side.

Peter Marl felt indignant and wanted to drive them from the gate of their hotel with his stick. If there was little poetry there was much common sense and honesty in his composition; he would have given his mite freely to age or helpless childhood, but blackwhiskered fellows, in the prime of manhood, asking charity, gave him, if possible, a worse idea of the "mounseers" than he had previously entertained.

"Have patience," Oliver exclaimed; "they were the world's masters once."

"They should have taken care of it when they had it," said the old soldier, drily. "But I suppose England was not born then."

"They conquered it," added Phil.

"They," repeated Peter, with a gesture of contempt, "they be hanged! I can believe a great deal, but as to their conquering England, I can't swallow that!"

"Ages since," observed our hero, laughingly.

"Ah! so long ago that it never could have happened."

It was not till his master assured him the conquest of England by the Romans was historically a fact, that Peter believed his young gentlemen, as he designated the two friends, had not been making fun of him.

Even then he found consolation in reflecting that it was only historically true. Like Charles V., the old soldier had not much faith in history.

As our readers may suppose, the Doria Palace—the residence of the uncle of Bianca—was one of the first places Phil and Oliver visited. Like most of the residences of the Roman nobility, its gallery and the state apartments were open to the public, and the lover found a sad pleasure in wandering amongst the treasures of art they contained—many of them family portraits.

More than once he fancied as he gazed upon the canvas where the glorious pencil of Titian had traced the features of some beauty of a past age, that he could recognize a likeness to the image enshrined in his own heart.

One picture particularly rivoted his attention—even Oliver admitted there was a strong resemblance to Bianca.

"How I should like to obtain a copy of it!" exclaimed Phil; "but that, I suppose, is impossible?" he added, turning to the *custode*.

"Nearly impossible," replied the man.

"Only nearly?"

"It is a family portrait," observed the official, "and his eminence the cardinal would most likely refuse his permission; but I could give you mine."

The lover of Bianca declared his willingness to purchase such a favor at any price.

"If the Signor Inglesi is really serious in his offer——"

"I am serious," interrupted Phil.

"And would not thirty twenty scudi too much?"

"I would give fifty."

Of course, it would be a much finer copy for fifty," observed the *custode*, catching at his offer. "I will employ an artist of my acquaintance to make it."

The bargain was eagerly struck, and the wily Italian, as he received no inconsiderable portion of the fifty scudi on account, regretted most probably that he had let the young Englishman off so cheap.

"When shall I receive it?" demanded Phil.

"Within ten days."

"And the artist?"

"I will settle with him," replied the man.

Little did the lover of Bianca suspect the miserable price the unconscionable rascal would pay for it.

On quitting the gallery they had to descend the great staircase of the palace; on reaching it several servants in rich liveries made their appearance, preceding a little, paralytic old man, whose scarlet robes proclaimed his rank as one of the princes of the Church.

It was the Cardinal Doria, the uncle of Bianca.

The two Englishmen bowed respectfully as he passed them. Suddenly Phil pressed the arm of his companion.

Oliver looked up and recognized in the gentleman upon whose arm his eminence leant for support the Count Cenitelli.

A haughty smile curled the lips of the Venetian noble as his eyes encountered those of his rival; it seemed to say, "I have the vantage ground, am here before you, baffle me if you can."

Poor Phil was in despair. He imagined the marriage of his beloved and the count an affair already settled between her mother and the cardinal, and looked forward to her arrival at Rome with as much dread as he had lately anticipated it with joy.

"How imagination gallops with you," exclaimed Oliver to whom he imparted his fears. "That fellow will never be the husband of Bianca Beppino; I'd run off with her myself first."

"Run off with her?" repeated the astonished lover.

"And you should assist me," added his friend, with a merry laugh. "Phil, Phil! how dull you are!"

(*To be continued.*)

APPALLING AND MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY ON BOARD THE SLOOP E. A. JOHNSON, IN THE LOWER BAY.

THE E. A. Johnson left Catharine Market on the 15th and on Sunday touched at Keyport, New Jersey. The crew consisted of Captain Burr, Clark, the mate and two hands, Smith Watts and Oliver Watts. Captain Burr was bound on a voyage to Deep Creek, to purchase oysters for planting. For this purpose he had on board about a thousand dollars. After touching at Keyport, New Jersey, the vessel proceeded on her voyage. On Monday she ran into the John B. Mather, Captain Nickerson, who says that at the time he only saw one man at the wheel. After getting clear of this collision Captain Nickerson found his vessel was so much damaged that he had to return to repair. At six o'clock on Wednesday, the 21st inst., the E. A. Johnson was found adrift in the Bay off Staten Island, and on being boarded a dreadful scene presented itself. Pools of blood were found on several parts of the deck and patches of hair and blood scattered about. The cabin had evidently been the scene of a terrific struggle, marks of blood being everywhere visible; while on the floor a heavy hammer grained with gore, and human hair was found. This appears to have been the instrument of destruction. Pending the police research, it would be premature to hazard any conjectures. The bodies have been undoubtedly thrown overboard, as marks of a bloody trail were distinctly visible on the deck. The absence of the boat would indicate also that the murderer or murderers had escaped in her leaving the vessel to drift—it is somewhat remarkable that she was not scuttled.

It is hoped that the inquest now sitting will lead to the detection of this most atrocious and mysterious affair. Our artist reports that the bowsprit of the oyster sloop is broken in two and that her cutwater is much damaged by her collision with the John B. Mather.

ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

(*Specially Reported for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*)

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 51.

War Department, Adjutant-General's Office, Washington, March 15, 1860.

1. The leave of absence granted to Lieutenant-Colonel T. Morris, Fourth Infantry, is extended six months.

2. The leave of absence granted to Brevet Major E. Johnson, Captain Sixth Infantry, is extended four months.

3. The leave of absence granted to First Lieutenant W. H. Jenifer, Second Cavalry, is extended four months.

4. The leave of absence granted to Second Lieutenant J. T. Mercer, First Dragoons, is extended one month.

5. The leave of absence granted to Second Lieutenant A. M. Haskell, First Infantry, is extended four months.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 52. (Dated March 16.)

1. The leave of absence granted to Major J. G. Barnard, Corps of Engineers, is extended one month.

2. Captain F. Myers, Assistant Quartermaster, is assigned to duty in the Department of Dragoons, and will repair to the Headquarters of the Department and report accordingly, under such special instructions as may be given him by the Quartermaster General.

3. The leave of absence granted to First Lieutenant B. H. Robertson, Second Dragoons, is extended sixty days.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 53. (Dated 17th March.)

1. The leave of absence granted to Major H. Brerverton, Corps of Engineers, for the benefit of his health, is extended three months.

2. Leave of absence for six months is granted to Captain Arnold Elzey, Second Artillery.

3. Captain G. W. Getty, Fourth Artillery, is authorised to delay proceeding to join the Company at Fort Randall, until the opening of navigation on the Missouri river.

4. The leave of absence granted to Captain W. D. De Saussure, First Cavalry, is extended until April 15th, 1860.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 54. (Dated March 21.)

Captain H. C. Ransom, Assistant Quartermaster, is assigned to duty in the Department of New Mexico, and will repair to the Headquarters of that Department and report accordingly.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 55.

The leave of absence granted to First Lieutenant Charles Griffin, Second Artillery, is extended two months.

The attention of the Secretary of War having been called to the claim of Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. Johnston, to the rank of Brevet-Colonel, the former in "General Orders, No. 5," from the War Department under date March 6, 1860, states that "Brevet-Colonel" Johnston be recognized as of that rank from the date of April 12, 1847, according to the terms of his commission. No. 2 of same Orders contains the following: "Brevet-Colonel J. E. Johnston is assigned to duty as Acting Inspector-General of the Army, according to his brevet rank."

By order of the Secretary of War,

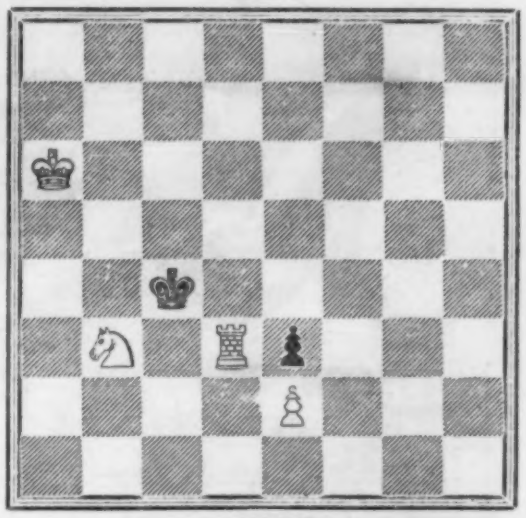
S. COOPER, Adjutant-General.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM No. 231.—By JOHN TANNER, New Orleans. White to play and mate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. P. J., Kalamazoo, Mich. Your problems are sound, and are on file for use. Your wish as to the dedication shall be complied with. Problem 223 was faulty.—SMITH, Salem, N. J. Your positions are too similar to others well known.—E. G. W., Tarrytown, N. Y. The positions sent us admit of several solutions.—R. B., Norfolk, Ct. Problem good. Will appear.—K., Westchester county. Problems sound; on file for insertion. The three move position is particularly good.—JOHN GARDNER. Thanks for the problem. It will soon appear.—H. A. H., Boston. Problem 223 was faulty.—J. SCHWARZ, W. C. C., and E. A. SAXTON. Problems received, but have not as yet had leisure for their examination.—S. N. No offence at a little pleasantry, we hope?

The following game was recently played at the Manchester Chess Club between Mr. Thorold and Mr. Pindar.

WHITE. Mr. T.	BLACK. Mr. P.	WHITE. Mr. T.	BLACK. Mr. P.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	24 B tks B	R tks B
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	25 P to Q B 3	P to Q Kt 4
3 B to Q Kt 5	P to Q R 3	26 R to Kt 8 (ch)	K to Kt 2
4 B to Q R 4	Kt to K B 3	27 Q R to K B 8	K R to K 4
5 Castles	Kt tks K P (a)	28 Q R to Q Kt 8 (ch)	K to R 2
6 R to K sq	Kt to Q B 4	29 P to Q Kt 4 (e)	P to Q B 4 (f)
7 B tks Kt	Q P tks B	30 Q R to R 8 (ch)	K to Kt 3
8 Kt tks P	B to K 3	31 K R to Kt 8 (ch)	K to B 4
9 P to Q 4	Kt to Q 2	32 Q R tks R P (ch)	K to Q 4
10 P to K B 4	Kt tks Kt	33 K R tks Kt P	K to B 5
11 K B P tks Kt	Q to R 5	34 P to Q R 4	K tks Q R P
12 B to K 3	Castles	35 P tks P	Q R to Q 7
13 Kt to Q 2 (b)	B to K Kt 5	36 Q R to K B 6	K R to K 7
14 Kt to K B 3	Q to K R 4	37 Q R to K B 3 (ch)	K to B 6
15 R to K B sq	P to K B 3	38 Q R to K Kt 3	Q R to Q R 7
16 P to K R 3	B tks Kt	39 K R to Kt 7 (g)	K R to K 2
17 Q tks B	Q tks Q	40 P to Q B 6	K to B 4
18 R tks Q	P tks P	41 Q R to Q B 3 (ch)	K to Q 3
19 P tks P	B to K 2	42 K R to Q Kt 8	R tks R P
20 R to K B 7 (c)	K R to K	43 K R to Q 8 (ch)	K to K 3
21 Q R to K B sq (d)	Q R to Q 2	44 Q R to K 3 (ch)	K to K B 3
22 R tks K Kt P	B to Q B 4	45 R tks R	K tks R
23 R to Kt 3	R tks K P	46 R to Q 7 (ch)	Resigns.

(*a*) This is not a good move; the proper play is B to K 2.

(*b*) Very well played; frustrating Black's contemplated manœuvre of P to Q B 4, &c.

(*c*) White has opened the game very well, and has already obtained a superior position.

(*d*) White should have taken the K Kt P with Rook, which would have rendered victory certain.

(*e*) Threatening mate in two moves.

(*f*) The only move to avert the impending danger.

(*g*) All this is played with care and judgment.—ED.

HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.—Photographed by Whitehurst, of Washington.—See Page 282.

MISS HARRIET LANE, THE PRESIDING LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.—From a Photograph.—See Page 283.

SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THE GAS.

I WILL endeavor to describe the appearances in the precise order in which they occurred.

And first, I should observe that, immediately on our going upstairs to join the ladies, a very strange condition of the atmosphere in the drawing-room was perceptible. A mist—I might almost call it a fog—filled the apartment. It not only obscured but distorted the forms of the guests, the sumptuous furniture (Dowbiggen's) and all the objects that were there. It was accompanied by a tea and a hum. I heard the hum distinctly—at least not distinctly, for it was indistinct. But I distinctly heard it. And I felt the heat. It was overpowering.

The time by my watch (Jones's) I could not exactly make out because of the mist. It seemed to be either half past four or twenty minutes past six, neither of which could have been right because it was certainly a good deal after ten. I like precision in these matters, especially on the question of time, which may have a most important bearing on what I am about to relate.

The derangement of the gas began to show itself by jumping. The jumps were short little jumps, not upward but downward, like the toothache. They followed each other at pretty regular periods of about ten seconds each. I counted these jumps or spasms up to twenty-nine. Then I saw that the eyes of the whole company were fixed on me. The ensign touched my elbow softly, and said in a subdued voice,

"Come along."

"Hush!" said I, rather impatiently. "Don't you see you've put me out?"

He muttered something to the effect, as well as I could understand him, that he wished he had done that half an hour ago. Then he placed his hand once more upon my arm, and repeated the words "Come along." I shook off his feeble grasp.

The jumping of the gas continued, but there was no use now in my counting the perturbations. I watched them, however, and soon found that they were greatly increasing in force and rapidity. The motion became quite violent at last, and actually seemed to communicate itself to the entire room. Suddenly it ceased.

The hum ceased also, but not the heat. There was a profound silence, in the midst of which I again found myself the centre of optical attraction. Phew! how hot it was!

The ensign was at my elbow again confound him! I turned fiercely; but a recollection of my childhood, or something crossed my mind at the moment, affecting me so acutely that I felt as if I were going to weep. I seized his hand, wrung it with fervor, and mastering my emotion by a tremendous effort, I inquired of him how he felt by this time. I forget his answer. It is not material to my statement.

Now commenced an entirely new action of the gas. It was a rotatory action, and it lasted, as I judge from six to eight minutes at the end of which time somebody fell over a chair. From the fact of my having to get up again, I concluded that this must have been myself. I was quite right; it was.

People really should not have gas in their houses. Are there not the cheap, durable and elegant French moderator lamps, kept in endless variety by the celebrated firm at Charing Cross, and giving each the light of six candles? And will not Price's Candle Company (limited) supply the whitest and hardest of tapers, in every respect equal to wax, if you prefer half-a-dozen twinkling lights to a single one of intense brilliancy?

But indeed, out of doors as well as in-doors, there is always something the matter with the gas. Are they not continually pulling up Chancery Lane just after the completion of an expensive paving contract, to get at the main and see where the leakage is? What an odd thing it is that the gas should be so determined to escape in and about that legal thoroughfare! It seems to have a mischievous fancy for disporting itself there, of all places in the world, and to mock every process with an eccentric plea of freedom from arrest. In spite of all the statutory wisdom of the neighborhood, it will not be taken, or imprisoned, or dissecated, or outlawed, or exiled, or in any otherwise destroyed.

Let me see—where was I? The ensign, having assisted me to rise, held me firmly now, and would not be shaken off. He was not a bad fellow, and, though we had only met once or twice before, I think I would have shed my blood to serve him; but I felt at the moment as if I should like to knock him down. The beast! What right had he to suppose that I——

Stop. The jumping motion of the gas began again. I would try this time and count the phenomena. One, two, three, four—no; they were so rapid that it was quite impossible to keep up with them.

"Come along, old chap," said the ensign. "The heat's too much for a man to stand. Let's get outside a bit."

That woman with the emerald ornaments—the Honorable Mrs. Tufton I think they call her—flounced herself down on the music-stool, ravished the keys of the piano from its lowest note to the top of its compass, and began to scream like forty peacocks. I turned to accompany the ensign. But before we could reach the door of the room the gas went out and left us all in total darkness.

I am faithfully recounting my experiences of a memorable night: and if I am not believed all that I can say is that I did not expect to be when I began this story.

The gas went out, but the Honorable Mrs. Tufton never stopped her diabolical screeching. Strange to say, nobody took the least notice of the occurrence. I was beginning to call the ensign's attention to it but he interrupted me by saying, "All right; come along." And along we went accordingly.

"You can't make that noise here."

The words were uttered by a policeman. He turned the light of his bull's-eye, as he spoke, on the Honorable Mrs. Tufton, who paused in the middle of "Dublin Bay."

"Can't I?" was the brief retort; and she instantly resumed the song, which, by-the-bye, she had began as "Di tale amor che dirai."

"If you don't want to get locked up you'll come out of that, and take yourself off quietly," said the policeman, with admirable good temper. The Honorable Mrs. Tufton only yelled louder than before.

"She's a nice article," said a lean, sallow-faced man, whom from the rigidity of the muscles round his mouth, and a certain fixed glare of the eyes, I instantly set down as a shoemaker. Perhaps his fingers being covered with shoemakers' wax, and having a powerful smell, may have further aided me in forming this judgment, I cannot say.

"Who are you?" scarcefully asked a young man with a blackened face and a banjo. "Wasn't you ever the worse for a drain?" Then turning with a propitiatory saw to the policeman, he said, "She'll go along all right, mister, if you give her time. Won't you, Bella, girl?"

Touched by the kindness of the minstrel, Tufton began to moan and laugh hysterically; but she very soon relapsed by a series of hiccups into "Dublin Bay."

"Why don't you go home, then?" the shoemaker asked, with a gravity almost magisterial.

"Poison home!" said the Honorable Mrs. Tufton; "what sort of home do you think I've got to go to?" and pulling off her boots, she composed herself, with her head against a door-post, for the night.

Now, I know you are going to say—if you have not said so already—that this could not have all happened in a drawing-room. Assuredly the thing would have been impossible, and I do not offer such an insult to your understanding as to ask you to suppose it. Somehow I was standing with the ensign in the open street. Darkness was all around us but not near. We were in the middle of a strong light, and for some few dozen yards on either hand objects were plainly visible. Beyond, all was midnight and pitch-black.

From an upright iron pipe, which projected about four feet above the ground, spouted a great flame, waving and tossing itself hither and thither, sometimes expanding into a fiery mass that drove back the vagrants who had congregated there for warmth and sometimes contracting to a little ragged patch of brightness that seemed on the point of being blown out for ever. South Audley street in which we stood, had been cut up like the carcase of some huge beast. Its granite flesh was rolled back on either flank; and the iron viscera, deep down in the hideous cavity, were laid bare to the four winds. In point of fact, the roadway in South Audley street had been pulled up; and, by consequent necessity, as well as by order of the commissioners, carriages were prohibited passing up or down the street until further notice. Meanwhile a great gulf yawned, as if tired of waiting for a board of Curtiuses to leap in and close it. The footpath had become a rocky pass; and those pilgrims who did not prefer to risk uneasy steps over the mountain-ridges of loose granite, were minded to proceed through a narrow valley or ravine of the famous Lodcon clay, which by long and close subjection to the same influence that destroys our boots and footwear, corrodes our linen and tarnishes our plate, had suffered a landscape into some hugeness small cost in a profuse perspiration.

"Come, are you going to move on?" said the policeman to the lady, who had settled herself in a comfortable posture on the shadowed side of the recess.

"No" she answered, with ready decision.

"Then you'll have to be moved, that's all about it."

"Move us along as fast as you like," said she.

> 'His heart was gay, his spirits light;
> He dashed the tear away,
> And watched the shore recede from sight,
> As they sailed from Dub-er-lin Bay.'"

"Here, Bel, I say," remonstrated the barge-boat; "what's the good? You'll only get into trouble again. Put on your boots and go along in an orderly manner. If you don't, you know, you'll jolly soon find yourself at the station, and 'no flies.'"

"Who cares!" cried the Honorable Mrs. Tufton.

> 'They sailed three days, when a storm arose;
> The lightning flashed——'"

"There, I ain't going to stand any more of this, I can tell you" said the policeman. "You'd better flash, and not lose no time about it either."

"This is a very sad sight," observed a gentleman who had come up with the group.

"What's a sad sight, old Arthur Pedley?" the woman asked with a bold, steady look at the last speaker.

"I knew——" he began.

"My father, were you going to say? Pray don't mention it. Oh! on no account, I beg. Such an excessively shocking disgrace to the family, you know. Why just look here," she continued, quickly changing her tone of irony for that of indignant appeal; "what's the difference between me and her? Difference enough—I know that; but why? Till her mother found out he'd another child, I was delicately nurtured, and taught all that a rich man's daughter might know. But when that virtuous lady—his wife, that he was so uncommonly fond of and who loved him, too, just as much—when she discovered the shameful connection, as she called it, why, from that very hour, I say, my doom was sealed. Bit by bit my father, God forgive him, was drawn from me. I'm only a year or two older than his true-born daughter, your fine friend's wife. You've seen her lately, perhaps. How does she look? They say we're very much alike in face. Is that true?"

It was so true that the other women might have been speaking there instead, and an indifferent person would not have noticed the change. The other—not this one—was the Honorable Mrs. Tufton. I had strangely made the acquaintance of the half-sisters on the same evening, though under somewhat dissimilar circumstances. The state of the gas—both within and without—will account for my having confounded the two separate identities.

Though my friend the ensign was positive the gas fitters had been "all right enough," I could hardly admit the possibility of my having been mistaken with regard to the appearances which are detailed in the early part of this paper. South Audley street was but a short distance from the street in which stood the house we had left. There was something the matter with the gas pipes in South Audley street; and what can be more probable than that the whole neighborhood was affected by the irregularity?

Poor Bella, supplied that night with a decent and comfortable lodging, has since figured once or twice at the Marylebone Police Court, and I am afraid is incorrigible. I have looked for her in vain when I have been passing late of nights down South Audley street, where the roadway has now been set in good order, and where the gas beams tranquilly from the glazed lamps, shedding its even rays alike upon the just and the unjust.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

March 15, 1860.

Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt seems to be left all alone in his glory of martyrdom. The Republicans shake him off and do not desire to be encumbered with his sayings and doings. In the most peremptory manner he has been handed over to the common jail, by and with the consent of the large majority of the Republican Senators. The resolution committing [illegible] common jail of the District of Columbia, to be kept in close custody ra[illegible] shall signify his willingness to answer the questions propounded to him by the Senate, was discussed with considerable fervor by Senators Sumner, Hale and Simmons, in opposition, and by Fessenden and Doolittle (Republicans), Crittenden (Southern Opposition), and Pearce, Davis and Mason (Democrats). Simmons made an effort by resolution to excuse Hyatt from any intentional disrespect to the Senate or to its Select Committee, but withdrew it after discussion.

To a great many here the chief interest of the occasion lies in the fact that Mr. Sumner chose it as the opportunity to make his *début* in the debates of the chamber. He has been a silent partner in the representation of Massachusetts for some years, rarely being visible, and previous to the present Session only making his appearance to vote at times of peculiar excitement, such as that of the Lecompton fraud. He has taken a great interest in Hyatt, and labored ineffectually to be of any service to him. Mr. Sumner is a tall, heavy man, of great cultivation and considerable ability. He is lauded to the skies by his friends and admirers. They make rather ridiculously favorable comparisons between his style of oratory and that of Pitt, Fox and Burke, to say nothing of Webster, Everett and other New England preachers and speechers. In Sumner they behold a condensation of all. Now I may be mistaken, but I regard him more as a mosaic worker among the thoughts of the ancients, than a man of original force and power. He has the art of combination, and a very suitable stock of taste and modern appropriateness of sentiment with which to apply and set the treasures of the classic men and times. He is decidedly able, and when so few public men are cultivated, is calculated to achieve renown.

In opposition to the jail resolution he argued that the Senate had not the power to exercise the functions indicated, and that if the power existed it should be found in the Constitution, or in positive intendment therefrom. Three cases were recognized as standing on the text of the Constitution, and two others as standing on the right of self-defence, inherent in every Parliamentary body and in every Court, and all five judicial in character and purpose. These had been sanctioned by precedents. The present case was entirely different from all. The power conferred by the resolution was in Mr. Sumner's eyes; a sword, the handle of which was clutched by a majority in the Senate, and whose point would be in every part of the Republic. Such power could only be exercised by virtue of a general law, and not by a simple resolution.

Senator Fessenden, one of the most noted and bitter Republicans, and by many regarded as not inferior for a certain incisive and analytical power to any in his party, differed with Sumner. He argued that if the Senate had power to appoint a Committee of inquiry, it certainly was necessary that authority should be given it to discharge its duty. Senator Hale thought the resolution calculated to destroy the birthright of American citizens; not so Senator Doolittle. He had been doubtful at first, but was satisfied that the Senate had the power. Moreover, Governor Wise had declared that rubbies would not induce him to tell all he had learned about the John Brown plot. If Hyatt was excused, how could the Senate enforce the attendance of any other witnesses?

In these views of Senators I confine myself solely to those enunciated by leading Republicans, to show you what little chance there was for Mr. Hyatt, who, to say the truth, is regarded here as rather foolishly doubtful in his notions of martyrdom. Forward, I hear, distinctly refused to have anything to say or do with him, and told him to go away when addressed by him in the Senate. Mr. Hyatt, however, seems careless of what others think. He is satisfied in his own opinion, and he moves about as though seeking some position in which the more strikingly to bear up the fabric of Abolition. He is the same who sold the photographs of John Brown to aid the widow, and has made some money himself by a patent bull's-eye pathway or skylight.

The contested case for the seat of the Third Congressional District of New York has been reported on, and, contrary to previous expectations, it is thought that Amor J. Williamson will not be able to overcome Daniel E. Sickles. The majority of the Committee on Elections have ordered by report that Williamson serve a statement of the grounds on which he contests the seat on Sickles, ten days after the passage of the resolutions, and that Sickles have twenty days to reply; while the minority of the committee reported resolutions knocking William on overboard, he, as they say, having failed to comply with any of the provisions of the laws of Congress having reference to contested elections. Amor, however, is permitted to take a seat upon the floor, to speak to the merits of the case and report thereon.

Rufus Dawes, who was at one time well known as a poet, has recently died in this city, of which he had been a resident. He was the son of Thomas Dawes, also a poet, and was born in Boston in 1803, where his father was judge of the Municipal Court and of Probate. When twenty-seven years of age Rufus Dawes published "The Valley of Nashaway and other Poems." In 1839 appeared, in a collected form, "Athenia of Damascus," a tragic drama, "Geraldine," and his miscellaneous poetical works. Mr. Dawes was so highly esteemed that the collected edition of his poems was chosen by a then leading publisher in New York (S. Colman) as the opening volume of a series which was to present the chief American poets in the best style. Edgar Poe reviewed in his cut and thrust style the works of Dawes, and did not hesitate to say that no man had been more shamefully over-estimated than Dawes. "We say shamefully," continues Poe, "for, though a better day is now dawning upon our literary interests, and a laudation so indiscriminate will never be sanctioned again, the laudation in this instance, as it stands upon record, must be regarded as a laughable although bitter satire upon the general zeal, accuracy and independence of that critical spirit which, but a few years ago, pervaded and degraded the land." Dawes, however, was not so much over-estimated as Poe would have us believe. There are some fine things in his works. In 1840 he issued an historical romance entitled "Nix's Mate," and since that period has, in a literary way, rejoiced on the reputation of his former days, as did Hoffman, Percival, Herrepend, and as does Fitzgreen Halleck. Mr. Dawes gave up the muses for law, and had for years an office in this city. Those who wish to refresh their memories as to the poet recently deceased will find notices of him in Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," "American Review," October, 1851, article "Songs and Song Writers," Poe's "Literati," "Allibone's Critical Dictionary," &c.

In the preface to "The Marble Faun," just issued, Hawthorne makes complimentary notice of "a certain door of bronze by Mr. Randolph Rogers, representing the history of Columbus in a series of admirable bas-reliefs." The door is for the Capitol of the national metropolis, and will cost some $25,000. A letter received here from Rome briefly but suggestively describes it: The scenes are in panels. In the first, Columbus is before the Council at Salamanca expounding his theory; in the second he sets out for aid; in the third he is before Ferdinand and Isabella, the former of whom pays slight attention, while the latter is deeply interested; in the fourth he confides his son to the monks; and in the fifth he is arriving at St. Salvador. This is one great climax. The sixth panel represents him at Hispaniola, a sailor, carrying an Indian girl on board ship; the seventh is the triumphal entry into Barcelona. Then a dramatic change. In the eighth he is about being sent to Spain in chains from Cuba. The next and last is his death. The great discoverer is surrounded by priests, who have administered to him the rites of the Church. Surrounding the scenes are niches for busts and figures of celebrated contemporaries.

Talking of art, Clark Mills's Washington statue is the subject of considerable discussion here among those who regard them elves as connoiseurs. It is savagely abused and criticised by some, and very gallantly defended by others. It is neither so good nor so bad as the disputants would respectively make out. There is one thing certainly against it, and that is the lowness of the pedestal. It is very doubtful, however, if a chance or its improvement by elevation will be granted by Congress. Mr. Mills, who has never been to Europe, is about to devote a year or so to foreign travel. He brings his sons, who are, it is said, very talented, with him. He proceeds direct to Munich, at which school of art he will leave them, and proceed alone to Paris, Florence, Rome and the other countries of artistic attractions.

The passage of the Homestead Bill is the chief matter of interest in the business of the House.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Murdering Hotel-Keeper—French Schoolboys and their Precocity—Mdlle. Dejazet—Theatrical Criticism in France and America—Mirès and the Lector's Moustache—Mario.

The days of diabolical landlords and hosts in league with murderers are not yet over. Much is said of the destruction of inns of the good old school by the railroads, and of the substitution in their place of fine-by hotels where the waiters all "spik Angleesh, mi-lord." But after all, some of the good old-fashioned inns were sad places, and one of a very sad description has recently turned up. Lately, near Nivernais, as some workmen were digging up the soil to lay a railroad, they found twenty-five human skeletons. Investigation showed that a tavern-keeper in the neighborhood had been in the habit of murdering rich guests and had accumulated a large fortune. When it was proposed to run the railroad through his land in which the skeletons lay, he offered to do all the digging at his own expense, or to pay any price if they would only allow him to have sole removal of the displaced soil. Unfortunately for the dealers in the dreadful, it has not been as yet ascertained whether this "Man of Mystery and Cheild of Ke-rime, or the Bloody Landlord of the Fatal Tavern," ate any of his guests or made them into cutlets and *filets de poulet*. That bit of flesh is wanting.

There is to-day a school holiday, and the "collegians," as all schoolboys over ten years old are called in France, have left their classes and are acting *les étudiants*, or the students of the Latin quarter. They are a jolly set, these boys; impudent and merry, but above all children in the world given to assuming the airs and habits of grown-up persons. I candidly admit, that the making the accomplishments and ambitions of society the great aim of all life has in France an unfortunate effect on the young. Unless grown-up people will be, to a certain degree, child-like, unselfish and natural—unless they sometimes meet children half-way, they will draw the children after them too rapidly, and premature follies and vices will be the result. The following, from *Figaro*, depicts very well scenes often witnessed in Paris. Remember, that it is mere boys, not young men who are here described:

"While the little chaps are trotting round in the Jardin des Plantes, the Tuileries or the Bois de Boulogne, the larger ones steal furtively into the tobacco shops, and buy for five cents the means of making themselves decidedly sick and miserable.

"With cigars between their teeth, you see them going in squads to the dark passage which connects the gallery of the opera in the Rue Drouot, in which is found the sternly gusseted gate which gives admission to the opera. And what do the boys want there? They are led by the intoxicating hope of seeing the ballet girls or misses of the opera enter or go out."

Young America is tolerably advanced, but not quite up to this. The English, German and Yankee boy begins by romantically falling in love and wishing to marry his idol. The French schoolboy has, at ten or twelve, read Casanova, and is on the look-out for "a conquest," a bit of Don Giovanny, an adventure of the most rakish description possible. You see amusing proofs of this in the airs of most boys, in their neat little boots and gloves, canes and compliments, subdued voices when talking to women twice their own age, and their use of grown-up language. But it is not astonishing. A lady, well-known to the great world, recently said: "Half the men of the better class in France are deliberately seduced by governesses, servant-girls or grown up ladies, before they are fourteen years old." The assertion is probably an exaggeration, but it contains a great social evil, the one which sapped old Rome—I mean precocious puberty produced by precocious knowledge. Few persons have any idea how rapidly humanity is exhausted in large cities. They swallow up generation after generation, which is in reality of premature old age; and one of the principal causes of this exhausting is the secret, hidden ruin of health and strength during youth. The ruin does not manifest itself during the minority, but a time comes when it tells. And philanthropists talk about ventilation and crowded houses and everything except the real reason.

Poor old Mdlle. Dejazet was engaged to play at a benefit given at the Theatre Palais Royal. All the world knows that the poor soul is *passée*, but one wishes to see for all that some relic of the art of one who was once a great artist. Fancy, then, the mean spirit of two anonymous wretches who hissed her! Yes, hissed the *pauvre vieeuante!* If you in America are altogether too courteous to women artists, punishing them only by not going to hear them sing or see them act, it must be confessed that the honesty and justice of French criticism often goes too far the other way. A woman, no matter who she is, who pretends to perform in public, has no right to take people's money and then give them bad art. I am sometimes astonished at the mildness of New York theatrical criticism of women. Are your critics really incapable, or are your female artists then absolutely faultless? Excuse me for saying that the truth is always better than anything beside. But, on the other hand, when in Paris some poor artist, is losing her voice through age, it is a refinement of insult to throw to her, as is done here sometimes, a funeral wreath! Such criticism is devilish. It is of the vilest kind.

You have heard of Mirès? He was lately at Marseilles, where his daughter fell sick. The father is a millionaire; he loved his child, and stimulated the doctors called in to every exertion by extravagant promises and solid payments. The "prince of physicians" who was called in, and who passed four hours by the bedside of the young lady, received ten thousand francs; while the doctor who attended her regularly until her health was perfectly established, received the modest little sum of thirty thousand francs. There is, to me, at least, something noble in this devotion of a father who, being wealthy, does not boggle and bargain when the life of a child is at stake.

Did it ever strike you that of late years actors actually retain beards and moustaches, and wear them very often in the most inappropriate roles? M. Bartolini, like many others, agreed with his manager that he should not be called on to shave. Consequently he played that most shaved of all shaved characters—a hussar of the republic—with full moustaches. Mario had the same reserved right. He will not resign that charming moustache; so that, in Count Ory, when disguised as a woman, he still wears a beard! *Apropos* of this, an unmoustached tenor would indeed be a poor devil. He lives for his effect

on women, and women fancy that all tenors to be perfect must have hair on the upper lip! Not long ago, a comedian, acting in the provinces, had about fifteen days before his engagement would be up, at the end of which time Paris and its angels were before him. The manager gave him the part of a magistrate, remarking, "You must shave your moustache—it is indispensable." "Good Heaven!" cried the perfectly sane actor; "cut off my moustache! Why, what should I have to walk with when I returned to Paris and wished to promenade the Boulevards?" Fortunately for the young man, the manager was not malicious, and another part was assigned him.

The Emperor's letter—politics—Father Lacordaire's election to the Academy—I pass them all over as trifles which will blow over. Am I not kind?

Yours ever, PANURGE.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

A VALUABLE discovery has been made in the vaults of an eminent London banker. It is a large iron box of letters containing the correspondence of Mr. Bradshaw, Secretary of the Treasury, in George III.'s reign. The letters are of the most confidential description, written by the Duke of Grafton, Lords Bute, North, Rockingham, Sir Philip Francis, Burke, Boswell, Dr. Johnson and others. It contains also several communications which confirm the suspicion that Sir Philip Francis was the author of the Letters of Junius. Lord Macaulay was convinced that Francis was the man.

A GREAT controversy is now raging in England anent the Shakespeare manuscripts. It is reported that the Florio signature is a forgery. Charles Knight had a firm faith in it. There was also a signature of the great bard's in the first edition of Holinshed, which contained numerous memoranda of plot, &c., at the end of every chapter Shakespeare had dramatised. Dr. Shelton Mackenzie wrote a long review of this curious volume for the London *Morning Chronicle*. The *Athenæum* and the *Critic* are at daggers drawn on the question, one openly accusing Mr. Collier of fabricating the emendations, and the other as stoutly defending him.

LADY FRANKLIN has presented to every one of the crew of the Fox a handsome silver watch and chain, with a suitable inscription. The commander, Captain McClintock, has been knighted by the Queen.

A GLOUCESTER farmer has just performed the following amazing feat on the tightrope of Mammon: Having a number of nephews and nieces, he sent a very pressing invitation to each of them, amounting to twenty-four in number, with their spouses, to dine with him last week; and, after a most excellent dinner had been done justice to, Mr. Hawkins, in a very neat speech, assuring them how much he studied their interests and happiness, presented each of them with a check for £300, amounting in the whole to £7,200.

THE *Shipping Gazette* tells of a benevolent whaling captain who undertook to do something towards civilizing Easter Island, in the Pacific. He took a young man home with him, and gave him an education and the habits of civilized life, and returned him to the island. No sooner did he set foot on shore than his affectionate friends, finding him fat and in good condition, took him to a convenient place, butchered, cooked and ate him in the shortest possible time. We are often reminded of the similarity of manners and customs between the cannibals and the New Jerseymen. The latter, however, don't live upon one another—they only devour strangers. A fact not sufficiently considered by the outside barbarians.

THE Earl of Caithness writes to say that he has made a successful experiment with a steam carriage on an ordinary road, his lordship, Lady Caithness and Sir G. Philips having travelled eight miles on one, partly up a stiff incline. On the rising ground the rate was four miles an hour, and on the level twelve miles. Mr. Fisher, a distinguished American artist, has invented a carriage of this description.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS are performing at the Town Hall, Oxford. They have had the honor of throwing the Prince of Wales into strong convulsions of laughter. He was so pleased that he gave "brudder bones" a diamond ring! What a nut for the Abolitionists to crack!

MR. SPOONER, the religious member of Parliament, has shamed the Speaker of the House of Commons into common sense. We give the *Court Journal's* account of this light affair: "The Speaker, without doing evil, hates the light, and, as he alone can give the sign for lighting up, no M.P. can now refer to any document between five and six o'clock in the evening, unless he brings down his own chamber candlestick, when Mr. Spooner did, the other night, amid roars of laughter."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S health is rapidly declining.

THE English are an amusing people. A Sir Henry Turing, the British Consul General at Rotterdam, has just died. The only thing good enough for the public that his biographer in the Morning *Post* could say of him was: "The family of Turing have always been celebrated for their loyalty, which they exhibited in a marked manner in the reigns of Robert Bruce of Scotland and King David II., as well as in the 17th century, when the first Baronet, who was connected through his wife with the noble house of Gordon, raised and maintained, at his own expense, a body of horse, which he brought into the field in the royal cause under the banner of his illustrious relative, the Marquis of Huntly." Who would think of abusing a woman because Eve had once stolen an apple?

THERE was a spirited row between the widow of the late King of Naples and his daughter-in-law, the present Queen of that volcanic and lazzaronic kingdom. It appears that the youthful lady had driven a four in hand and smoked a cigar in public, which so shocked Mrs. Bomba, that the royal dame had all but a set-to *à la* Morrissey. There was a curious error in the telegram that reported this *imbroglio*, which ran, "the Queen has been removed from the window of King Bomba." It should read, "reproved by the widow."

THE London papers chronicle the death of the celebrated dog "Bob," whose exploits in the Crimea are a part of the history of the First Battalion of Scotch Fusilier Guards. "Bob" sailed in the Simoom with the regiment to Malta in 1854, and on the declaration of war proceeded to Scutari. He was present with the regiment to which he was attached at the landing in the Crimea, and at the battle of Alma, where he was returned amongst the list of "missing." After the flank march, however, to Balaklava, he again joined, after an absence of three days. He was present at the Light Cavalry charge at Balaklava, at Inkermann, and served in the trenches, and at length was at the final capture of Sebastopol. "Bob" returned with his regiment at the close of the war, and marched into London at the head of his corps. "Bob" had been awarded a medal for his services, which he wore round his neck as a memento and decoration.

A SUICIDE of unusual determination lately happened at London Bridge. A woman, tired of life, cut her throat, a most from ear to ear, as she stood on the battlements of that famous bridge, and then sprang into the river. We wonder if such an event could be reported in a New York paper without being headed, "One more unfortunate!"

THE great metropolitan sewer to drain London is being carried on with great vigor. It will cost twenty millions of dollars.

SHOULD the state of Europe permit it, there will be a grand exhibition in London in 1862, which will throw the former one even into the shade. A deputation from the Society of Arts have laid their plans before Prince Albert. A guarantee sum of £.50,000 is to be raised. The Prince of Wales will be the patron.

THE Speaker of the House of Commons has dispatched an officer to Cork with his warrant, to compel the immediate attendance of Mr. Hennessy, M.P. for Kings County. It appears that the honorable member was placed upon a Committee, and not having the fear of the Speaker's mace before him, he went to visit his friend, Lord Fermoy, in the beautiful city of Cork.

MOST of the French Royal Family have gone to Edinburgh, to visit the young Princes, who are being educated in the High School there.

ABOUT 30,000 salmon ova were lately obtained from the river Dovey, and were safely deposited, in beautiful condition, in the boxes prepared with gravel for them on board the ship S. Curling, which sailed from Liverpool on the 15th ult., for Melbourne. The apparatus is so arranged that the ova will receive a continuous stream of pure cold water all the voyage out, the water running through an ice-house, containing fifteen tons of Wenham Lake ice, before it flows over the ova. It may amuse our readers to know that John Bull is such a grumbler, that he is now growling over the fact that they have not sent the lobsters for the sauce.

It is supposed that the great international fight between Heenan and Sayers will take place somewhere in the vicinity of the Island of Ely. The chief constable of that place calls upon the directors of the South Eastern Railway to refuse a special train for the purpose of conveying the parties to the scene of action. It is, however, not likely that the directors will attend to the request, as it would be an interference with the liberty of transit.

THE English army is to be increased by adding a hundred men to each regiment.

A LUNATIC named Alfred Elliott recently attempted to force his way into Windsor Castle, under the delusion that he was the Prince of Wales. He was lodged in the police station.

THE females in the Leeds flax mills have struck for higher wages. They only receive now six shillings and sixpence for six days' work, and they demand seven shillings. It will be remembered that our Lynn workwomen receive nearly five dollars, or twenty shillings. It must, however, be borne in mind that living is much cheaper in England. It seems to be coming more certain every day that wages is the maximum of life.

THE other day (says a Perth paper) a widower with a small family grew tired of single-blessedness, and inserted an advertisement for a wife in several of the London prints. In due time he received a host of letters, and eventually he fixed upon one fair maid whose description of her charms exactly tallied with his requirements. He wrote to her desiring a personal interview. The lady came down all the way from London, and presented herself for inspection. The interview was extremely satisfactory on both sides, and in a few days the happy pair were united for better for worse.

M. BABINET, who succeeded Arago, predicts that the tide of the 5th March will be the highest tide known in Europe for a century. Our next advices will contain the result.

The Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel, is converted into a church every Sunday, and the congregation is a remarkably orderly one. The riots in St. George's Church, East, have been put down by the police after continuing for above six months. Puseyite rites were the cause. The proceedings grew so disgraceful that a deputation waited upon the Home Secretary requesting his immediate and prompt attention. It was very reluctantly given.

ON the 28th February one of the severest gales of the year passed over London. The shipping was driven hither and thither, and many lives were lost. A boy was carried off his legs near Bromley Creek into the river and drowned. Chimneys were blown down and awnings demolished. Had the houses been as badly built as those in New York the result would have been truly calamitous.

THE Count de Chambord, the Duke de Berri's son, and the legitimate heir to the French throne, has written to the Pope a letter expressing not only his feelings of devotion to the Holy See, but also avowing the idea that the misfortunes that have assailed his family sprang from the conflicts waged by the kings, his ancestors, with the Papacy.

AT M. Fould's masked ball, which took place in the magnificent apartments of the Minister of State, the Emperor and Empress were present in domino. The Emperor walked about a long time with the Princess Clotilde, who was dressed in the costume of an Italian peasant girl, and looked very pretty. Prince Napoleon talked politics to all who approached him. There were six hundred persons invited to this gay fete.

IN London there is a Savage Club. It is composed—as the name sufficiently implies—of literary men. One of their amusements is theatricals. They lately gave an entertainment, when the first piece was the "School for Scandal," in which Mr. Frank Talfourd played Sir Peter Teazle; Mr. Crawford Wilson, Joseph Surface; and Mr. Byron, Charles Surface. The female characters were professionally supported, Miss Sedgwick playing Lady Teazle, and Mrs. Weston, Mrs Candour. Messrs. Albert Smith, Hollingshead, E. Draper, Forteh, the Brothers Brough, and other gentlemen associated with literature and art, filled the rest of the characters. It is reported that Albert Smith and Frank Talfourd both are infatuated with Amy Sedgwick, whose name is frequently mentioned in connection with Dickens.

IN a recent reply to a deputation, the Pope said that the funeral of the civil power of the Popes would be the ruin and death of society; but that God, who wills its preservation, will not allow the temporal government of the Popes to be overthrown. At this supreme moment, he added, I can only pray myself, and call on others to do so, that the Almighty may remove the storm which threatens more than the church, the whole of society.

AT the carnival in Rome two persons were killed, and one dangerously injured, at the horserace which closed the amusements of the last day.

THE cruelties of the Papal Government are increasing. In Perugia twenty persons were thrown into prison for merely returning after midnight from a party. They were told by the brutal legate that these were not the times for merrymaking.

SICILY is in a state of semi-insurrection. Such is the dangerous condition of society there, that a combined French and British fleet is expected every day at Palermo, to watch over the interests of their respective subjects. It is expected that the arrival of these fleets will tempt the people to rise, as they are assured the foreign admirals will not allow the King to bombard the city.

THE combined expedition to China, to punish the Celestial perfidy, will amount to fifteen thousand English, and twelve thousand French.

A FRIGHTFUL accident had occurred on the Eastern Counties Railroad, between Stratford and Tottenham. Four men were killed and several seriously injured. It arose from a defect in the tire of the wheels.

THE prevalence of public worship at the theatres on the Sunday has led to a debate on the subject in the House of Lords. It is approved of by the Bishops of London and Landaff, Lord Granville, Earl Shaftesbury and Duke of Marlborough, as calculated to do good. The Gospel is good in itself, irrespective of place. It seems quite certain the nineteenth century has its Pharisees as well as the days of Pontius.

A MEETING has been held in Paris to petition the Emperor to preserve the temporal power of the Pope. It was chiefly composed of Legitimists, Orleanists, &c.

THE Minister of the Interior has prohibited the discussion of political and temporal matters in the pulpit. It would be as well if our parsons here confined themselves to the spiritual.

THE Emperor has assured Lesseps, the Suez Canal man, that he will endeavor to overcome Lord Palmerston's objection to the cutting of a canal across the isthmus.

A FRENCH paper says: This has been a remarkably sad carnival as far as regards outdoor amusements, although there have been a good many public and private balls. The slush in the streets on Mardi Gras was so formidable that scarcely a Pierrot was to be seen on the Boulevards. The gods and goddesses who ride in triumphal cars in the procession of the Bœuf Gras were shivering in the north-east wind and suffering visibly from catarrh. The only remarkable feature in the conduct of the annual ceremony was the abandonment of the innovation of sticking the fat ox upon the top of a car. This time he walked, as of old. In another column we give one of its most romantic incidents.

THE Queen of Spain's demands on Morocco are considered excessive by the British. She demands an Atlantic port as an indemnity, and to hold Tetuan till the money is paid. England objects to Spain holding any African territory so nearly opposite Gibraltar. The Spanish press smell equally strong of pomposity and garlic. They demand the occupation of Tangiers.

To an American, the base existence of such miscreants as Francis Joseph and Rechberg of Austria seems almost a reflection upon Divine Providence. There is a burlesque about their cruelty which puts it into the regions of insanity. In the *Presse* we find the following: "Letters from Venice report that the state of oppression continued there, and that the emigration of Venetians was increasing. The latest news from the same place is about one of the pigeons of St. Mark, who, as all visitors know, are allowed to flutter about the canals in full freedom from molestation. One unlucky bird was detected with a tricolor ribbon round his neck. All the Austrian spies were at once out after the volatile, and after a hard chase the offender was caught and strangled! This is no canard."

A TURIN letter states a rather amusing fact. In consequence of threats of excommunication of the King of Sardinia, a commission, consisting of some of the most distinguished advocates of Turin, was appointed to look into the law. They report that no Papal excommunication can be received in Sardinia without the royal exequatur, and that any priest publishing an excommunication without such authority is liable to prosecution, and even, according to laws yet unrepealed, to the penalty of death.

THE Duke of Tuscany has published an address to his revolted people, in which he offers to forget the past. This is almost equal to the brute who, having given his wife a black eye, magnanimously offered to say nothing more about it if she'd apologise for her eye changing color!

NEARLY three years ago, a man and his wife, named White, were found murdered in their own house at Bolton-upon-Deane, in Yorkshire. Despite the utmost vigilance of the police, no clue could be found, until about a month ago, when an Irish hawker, who was undergoing penal servitude in the fortress of Portsmouth, let slip, in the course of conversation with his jailor, some expressions which aroused his suspicions. He has since made revelations which have solved the mystery, and the real culprits have been arrested. It appears that, going into the house to peddle his wares, he surprised the murderers, who bought his silence with a share of the spoils.

MR. PEARSON, the Mayor of Hull, has presented to the people of that town twenty-seven acres of land for the purpose of a park. We should like to see some of our landowners do the same thing for our cities.

NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRIA, OR FRANCIS JOSEPH AND TOETOE.

Two New Zealanders, who have recently arrived in Vienna, were presented to their Majesties on Thursday week. Toetoe, the elder of the two, delivered a speech in his own tongue, and handed a German translation of it to their Majesties, who manifested the greatest interest in the circumstances of the natives of the Antipodes, and the Empress addressed Toetoe, who had some knowledge of English, in that language. M. Zimmerl, of the State printing office, acted as interpreter. The following is a literal translation of the speech delivered on the occasion: "We greet thee, we greet thee, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. Great has been our desire to see thee, and that is the reason of our journey to this country. We desired to see thee, Emperor of Austria; we desired also to see the country of the foreigner. The commander of thy ship of war, the Novara, said to the Governor of New Zealand that he would allow us to sail with him in order that thou mightest see New Zealanders. The Governor and all the chiefs of the Maoris assented to the wish of the commodore. That is the reason of our journey to this country. All the chiefs of the Maoris said to us, 'Go, that you may see the foreign country; go, that you may see the king of the foreigners.' We greet thee, king of kings, lord of lords, thou who high above all others rulest, we praise thee and thy name evermore. A strong sceptre is the sceptre of thy kingdom. We greet thee, we greet thee, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria; we greet thee, we greet thee, Empress of Austria. We shall inform all people of thy splendor when we shall have returned to New Zealand. These are our words to thee.

WILLIAM TOETOE.
"SAMUEL RAKEHAU."

A MONSTER FORTRESS.

At a time when we hear so much said about the defenceless state of New York Harbor, it is interesting to notice what is said about the unguarded condition of the river Thames. On the 1st of March a public meeting was held at the London Tavern, to appoint a Committee to consider the best method of protecting London from the Thames.

A model and several drawings, plans and sections of Mr. W. J. Hall's impregnable iron fortress, to be erected at the Nore, were exhibited on a scale of a quarter of an inch to the foot. From these it appeared that the proposed fortress is to be in the shape of a round tower, diminishing in diameter towards the summit at the rate of one inch to the foot. It is to be two hundred and thirty five feet high, and one hundred and twenty-six feet in diameter at the base. An air-shaft, twenty feet in diameter, runs from top to bottom. A spiral staircase is constructed around this shaft, leading to eleven floors or compartments, each having thirty-two windows and a door. At the top is the sleeping-room; the next floor is the officers' mess-room. One compartment is devoted to the steam-engine and boiler, and six life-boats. There is also a room appropriated to shot and shell, and the powder-magazine is placed below the water-mark. There is also provision made for a washing-room. There is to be a light-house at the top, twelve feet in diameter, which can be raised or lowered by a telescope slide, as the circumstances of peace or war may require. The air-shaft is surrounded by twelve hollow iron columns, to support the floors and heat the rooms by steam, which the inventor also proposes to use as a means of scalding an unwelcome visitor. The outside casing is to consist of solid blocks of iron two feet thick, dovetailed into each other, fused together by pouring molten iron into the joints. It is to be built on a concrete foundation, and will take thirty-two tons of iron. It will mount seventy guns, the first tier of which will be about fourteen feet above high-water mark. Mr. Hall has also designed a floating fortress, constructed on similar principles, which will require ten thousand tons of iron in the construction, and will draw about twenty-five feet of water; and will, with all other necessary appurtenances, hold one thousand tons of coals. It is to be one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, eighty-five feet high, and to mount thirty-six Armstrong guns—twelve in each tier.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

☞ Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are compelled to ask the indulgence of our correspondents until next week.

THE MANUFACTURE OF BILLIARD TABLES.—Mr. Phelan having purchased the interest of Mr. O'Connor in the late firm of O'Connor & Collender, the business will be continued under the name of Phelan & Collender.

BILLIARD BALLS OF STEEL.—A Californian physician has been engaged in inventing a machine for the purpose of making billiard balls of cast steel. The balls are to be hollow spheres, and are about the size of the common ivory balls now in use. The balls are first made and nicely turned in the shape of half-spheres, and are then soldered or brazed together with gold. The doctor claims for his invention that he can give steel greater elasticity than is in ivory; that he can make the ball a more perfect sphere; and, above all, that they can be made a cheap substitute for ivory. The machine for turning and fitting the balls is said to be a most ingenious contrivance.

THE MATCH BETWEEN DUDLEY KAVANAGH AND JAMES LYNCH.—The match between the above players took place on Monday, the 19th inst., according to previous announcement, and was won by Mr. Kavanagh, who beat his opponent by 62 points. The highest run was 66, which number was attained by both players. The game commenced at a quarter before nine o'clock P.M., and was not finished until half-past two A.M. It was played upon one of Mr. Phelan's tables. Mr. Lynch, though appearing for the first time as a contestant in a public match, showed admirable nerve, and played with the *sang froid* of an old veteran. Messrs. Phelan, Lake, White and other billiard celebrities, with a number of the leading amateurs, were present.

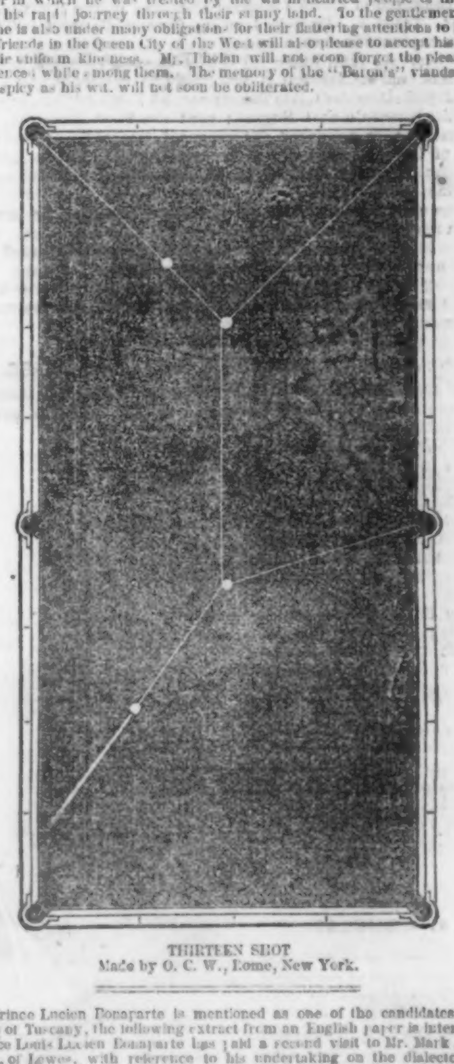
THE LYNCH AND SEEREITER MATCH.—Mr. Seereiter has written to the editor of *Wilkes's Spirit*, stating that he had seen Mr. D. Lynch's letter taking up his challenge, inquiring whether the $500 had been deposited as stated, and who Mr. Lynch's agent is, as he wishes to confer with him at once. The editor of *Wilkes's Spirit* replies that the $500 is with him, and that he is authorised to make the match.

Nothing has been heard from Mr. Seereiter as yet, but the Detroit *Free Press*, which was the special organ of Mr. Seereiter during the Phelan and Seereiter match, foreshadows what is coming. We think there will be no match, and that Mr. Lynch's $500 will not be covered. The *Free Press* notices that Mr. Lynch makes one exception from the specifications of Mr. Seereiter's challenge, which it considers one of the most important. The challenge prescribes the use of Phelan's table of ordinary construction, but Mr. Lynch stipulates for a carom table. The amount allowed for travelling expenses is also considered inadequate. It thinks Mr. Seereiter will decline acceptance for these reasons. So do we—for these and other reasons.

MR. PHELAN AT HOME.—We announced in our last issue the arrival of Mr. Phelan in Louisville on the 8th inst., and his meeting with Mr. Philip Tieman in that city. The two gentlemen crossed cues in the forenoon of the succeeding day in the billiard-room attached to the Galt House. A large crowd was present, and expressed much satisfaction at the manner in which the two notabilities worked the balls. In the evening they played at the Exchange and at Mr. Cullup's rooms, in both of which places Mr. Tieman was the conqueror. The gentlemanly proprietor of the Galt House, Captain Miller, who is a very popular man and an ardent amateur of the game of billiards, did all in his power to render the stay of the visitors agreeable. On the 11th, Mr. Phelan, in company with Mr. Tieman, left for Cincinnati. In that city, on the 12th, Mr. Phelan and Mr. Tieman played at the International Saloon, when the former gentleman bore off the honors, beating his friend 150 points out of 500. Another amicable contest took place at the Broadway Exchange, which was won by Mr. Phelan by 24 points out of 500. A third match was played at the International Saloon, which resulted in a victory for Mr. Tieman by 164 points out of 500. Mr. Phelan left on the 13th for Pittsburgh, where he played some friendly games with the gentlemen amateurs of the Pittsburgh Club, and arrived in Philadelphia, where he assisted at the opening of the new billiard-room attached to the Girard House. Mr. Phelan inaugurated the room in presence of a large number of gentlemen, who were assembled by invitation from the proprietors, Messrs. Pretrey, Sykes & Co. Subsequently, Mr. Phelan visited Mr. Bird's saloon, in Chestnut street, where he played some games for the amusement of Mr. B.'s patrons. Mr. Phelan also was kindly invited to visit the rooms of the Philadelphia Club, where he played one American and one French game. The following morning he handled the cue at Mr. McCormick's new saloon in Arch street, next door to the Theatre. Mr. Phelan arrived in this city on Friday evening, the 16th inst., in good health but somewhat fatigued. A few days' recuperation, however, will make him all right again.

Mr. Phelan expresses the most lively gratitude for the kind and hospitable manner in which he was treated by the warm-hearted people of the South during his rapid journey through their sunny land. To the gentlemen of the press he is also under many obligations for their flattering attentions to him.

His friends in the Queen City of the West will also please to accept his thanks for their uniform kindness. Mr. Phelan will not soon forget the pleasure he experienced while among them. The memory of the "Baron's" viands, which are as spicy as his wit, will not soon be obliterated.



THIRTEEN SHOT
Made by O. C. W., Rome, New York.

As Prince Lucien Bonaparte is mentioned as one of the candidates for the throne of Tuscany, the following extract from an English paper is interesting: "Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte has paid a second visit to Mr. Mark Antony Lower, of Lewes, with reference to his undertaking on the dialectology of Europe. We understand that his Imperial Highness has nearly completed his series of the English provincial dialects, the subject chosen for philological comparison being the Song of Solomon. About twenty-four versions of that sacred poem will, we are informed, make up the series, and more than one of the number will be furnished by Mr. Lower." He has lived the greater part of his life in England and inherits the literary taste of his father, whose chief work was an epic called "Charlemagne."

MISS NIGHTINGALE, whose failing health we have alluded to elsewhere, says of crinoline, "I wish that people who wear crinoline could see the indecency of their own dress as other people see it. A respectable elderly woman stooping forward, invested in crinoline, exposes as much of her own person to the patient lying in the room as any opera dancer does on the stage. But no one will ever tell her this unpleasant truth."

ANNIVERSARY OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17.—THE TRIUMPHAL CAR OF THE BARD OF ERIN—MILITARY COMPANIES, CIVIC AUTHORITIES, FRIENDLY SOCIETIES, &C.

THE FESTIVAL OF ST PATRICK.

The anniversary of Ireland's patron saint was celebrated on the 17th in the most orderly and enthusiastic manner. The day was brilliant, the air was bracing, and everything was in accordance with the spirit of the event. The observance of the day commenced with the celebration of a solemn pontifical high mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral, by the Right Rev. Dr. Loughlin. At nine o'clock the various Civic Societies began to assemble, to the inspiring music of those dear old familiar melodies which alternately move the Celtic heart to love, war or tears. The sidewalks were crowded with Irish lasses, whose beauty made sad inroads in the hearts of the bystanders. At Union Square, the City Hall Park, and in Brooklyn the crowds were immense. The military formed in Grand street, and the Civic Societies in East Broadway.

The line was announced to move at eleven o'clock, but it was about half-past twelve o'clock when the march began. Preceded by a battalion of policemen, the procession was seen approaching the City Hall Park from Chatham street. First came the military under the command of Colonel Michael Corcoran of the Sixty-ninth regiment. Troop L., Brigade Lancers, Captain Bernard Reilly, Sixty-ninth regiment, acted as escort to the Commandant and his Staff; then came the Irish American Guard, Captain James Brady; Sixty-ninth Regiment National Cadets; Second Regiment and Company H., Captain Campbell, late Twenty-second Regiment, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent; next the First Regiment, Phœnix Brigade, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, and a squadron of Cavalry, consisting of Troop D., Captain Minton, and Troop A., Captain Leavy, First Regiment, under the command of the Senior Captain.

The chief incident of the cortége was a triumphal car, in which an Irish harper was seated, dressed in the ancient Irish garb. His long white locks streaming in the wind vividly brought to mind the picture portrayed by Gray in his matchless lyric of the Bard. He was playing on the harp, and attracted much attention. Our artist has made an admirable sketch of this most interesting feature in the procession.

JOHN C. VENNARD, OF LYNN, MASS.

This gentleman is one of the largest manufacturers of ladies' shoes connected with the Southern trade. He has taken an active and profound interest in the strike from the first movement in the matter. He is evidently a true friend to the mechanics, and has won the respect and esteem of all. He has used all his influence to establish the list of prices demanded, and was the first to place his name to the tariff when finally agreed upon. We trust that the influence of his example will not be lost upon the other manufacturers of Lynn and other cities.

We are indebted to Mr. W. R. Appleton, of Lynn, for the fine photograph of Mr. Vennard, and for many other artistic photographic pictures connected with this great labor movement.

JOHN C. VENNARD, ESQ., OF LYNN, MASS.—THE FIRST SIGNER OF THE LIST OF PRICES DEMANDED BY THE LYNN STRIKERS.—PHOTOGRAPH BY WM. R. APPLETON, OF LYNN, MASS.

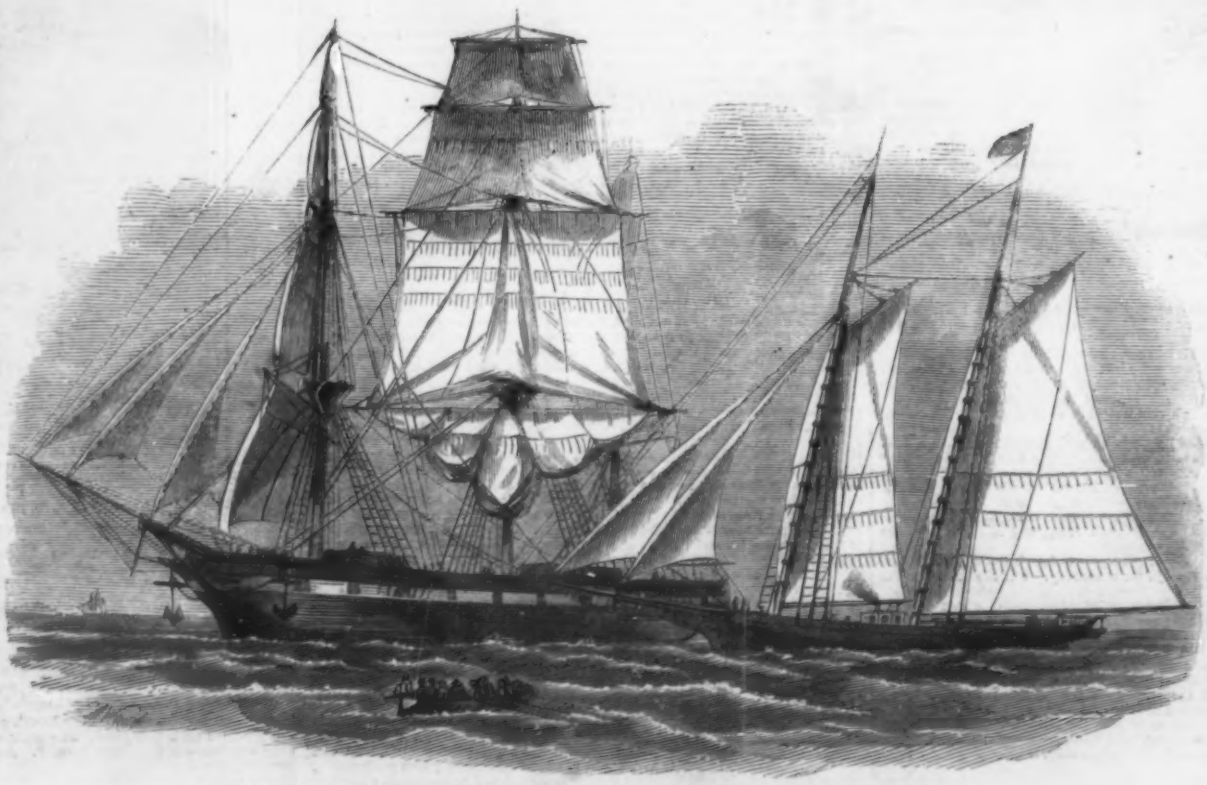
THE HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

The Senator for Illinois is a proud instance of American enterprise forcing its way through those obstacles which, even in a Democratic country like our own, society has placed for its conventional security, for it is an error to suppose that the laws of conventionality are ever suspended, although ignorant and impudent orators continually utter such absurdities to a crowd of gaping listeners. In every country the depressing influence of the want of social position and education is felt, and our own Republic is no exception to the rule. Such men as Douglas, Clay, Webster, Seward and Houston would have forced their way through the barriers of aristocratic exclusion in any country, as we have evidences in England by the rise of Disraeli, Lyndhurst, Eldon, Brougham, Macaulay and Canning; and we cite these names in justice to such men as the subject of our present sketch, who, from a very humble position, has elevated himself to the commanding position of being a candidate for the President's chair—subject, of course, to the decision of the Convention soon to be held at Charleston. His strongest characteristics are an indomitable will, quickness and facility in analysis of whatever subject his mind may grasp, and a sagacity such as is possessed by few who have entered the political arena.

Stephen Arnold Douglas was born in Brandon, Rutland county, Vermont, 23d April, 1813. His father, Dr. Stephen A. Douglas, a respectable physician of that town, died of apoplexy, on the 1st of July, 1813, leaving two children, a daughter of twenty months, and the other the subject of our present memoir. The widow then went to live with her brother, a bachelor in good circumstances, and who resided on a farm they had inherited from their father. His subsequent marriage, disappointing them of a competency, compelled young Stephen, then aged fifteen, to apprentice himself to a cabinet-maker, in Middlebury, and afterwards at Brandon. His health failing, induced him to turn his attention to a less laborious pursuit, and his mother and sister having at this juncture married a father and son named Grangor, he went to reside with them in the State of New York, and attended Canandaigua Academy, at the same time devoting every spare minute to the study of law. In this quiet and laborious course he continued till his nineteenth year. In his twentieth year he removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he entered the office of the Honorable I. J. Andrews, who then represented that district in Congress, being the editor. From thence he went to Jacksonville, Illinois, which place he reached in a destitute condition. Finding no immediate opening for his services, he went to Winchester, where he was engaged as schoolmaster, devoting every evening, after his scholastic duties, to his legal studies. His savings as a schoolmaster enabled him to commence the practice of the law, having previously obtained a licence, and he soon made his industry and talent tell upon that little community. At this time the great question was the removal of the Government deposits from the United States Bank, and it was in defence of General Jackson that the present Senator for Illinois made his first speech to the people of Jacksonville. The success he met with in that effort induced him to give more attention to politics, and in 1834 he was elected by the Legislature as States Attorney over Col. John J. Hardin. In 1836 he was elected a member of the Legislature of Illinois, from Morgan County, being the youngest member in it.

Shortly after the adjournment of the Legislature, Mr. Douglas received from President Van Buren the appointment of Land Register at Springfield, for Illinois, which office he retained till 1838, when he was nominated for Congress in opposition to Mr. Stuart, who was elected by a trifling majority. It is stated by Mr. Douglas's friends that his opponent owed his election to the mistake of many of his constituents spelling his name as Douglass.

After his defeat, the present Senator for Illinois continued the practice of law in Springfield till 1840, when he canvassed the State for Van Buren and Johnson. At the Session of the Legislature in 1841 he was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, the duties of which he fulfilled till the summer of 1843, when he was nominated as candidate for Congress for the Quincy District. In this contest he was successful, and took his seat as a member of the Twenty-Eighth Congress in



THE NAUTICAL SCHOOL-SHIP AND TENDER OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS, IN BOSTON HARBOR.

December, 1843. In 1844 he was again elected by a much larger majority.

Before taking his seat for the third term of his election as a Representative, a vacancy occurred in the Senate, by the expiration of the term of General Semple, and Judge Douglas, with great unanimity on the part of the Democrats of his State, was elected to that distinguished body, where he first took his seat on the 4th of March, 1847. He was re-elected, his term expiring March 3, 1859, when he was again chosen in 1859—his term expiring in 1865. In 1856 he made himself famous for his Kansas Nebraska Bill, which rescinded the Missouri Compromise.

Senator Douglas married, in 1847, a daughter of Colonel Robert Martin, of North Carolina, and with her he obtained a large fortune in land and personal property. She died several years ago. In 1857 he again married, Miss Cutts, one of the belles of Washington, by whom he also obtained considerable wealth.

Our portrait is an excellent likeness, and represents the Senator for Illinois as he is now daily seen in the Federal Capital. We are glad to announce that he has quite recovered from his recent severe indisposition, and that, whether as Senator or President, he promises to give our Republic for many years to come the benefit of his commanding and searching intellect.

Such men as Douglas, despite the political changes which are inevitable in a Republican Government, or whatever may be their peculiar views in regard to the policy to be pursued by parties or Administrations, can never occupy a secondary position; they only, as age brings moderation to the fiery zeal of their middle life, become greater and dearer to the people they have served, and gather new glory around their names as their earthly career draws to a close.

THE SERENADE TO OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT

At the Metropolitan Hotel.

THE night previous to the departure of our special artist and correspondent, Albert Berghaus, Esq., and Dr. Augustus Rawlings, to represent *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* in England, a splendid serenade was given to them by some of their friends, at the Metropolitan Hotel. The exquisite music discoursed by Dodworth's band soon attracted a large concourse of people. It did not take long to find out the objects of the serenade, and the information rapidly spread among the crowd, eliciting many strong and cordial expressions of sympathy for and approbation of our enterprise.

Our artist and the doctor had been receiving hosts of friends during the evening, and this little episodical surprise was pleasant to all. The gentle serenaders were invited to enter the liberal portals of the Metropolitan Hotel, and the whole assembled party sat down to an ample supper, supplied from the bounteous larder of the Lelands. There was much music and much speaking, and the visible presence of Charles Heidsieck reflected in every glass added a spiritual beauty to the scene, which to be appreciated must be tasted.

The company separated at an hour too small to mention, with hearty expressions of good will towards Messrs. Rawlings and Berghaus, and wishes for their safe voyage out and happy return, in which we cordially join.

MISS HARRIET LANE.

THE subject of our illustration, from the semi-official position which she has so long sustained with so much honor to herself and credit to her country, may be justly termed the first lady in the land. At a very early age she became an orphan, and shortly after her uncle, James Buchanan, invited her to share and adorn his bachelor home. From that moment their fortunes seem to have been united, and the honors showered upon the one have been reflected upon the other, receiving additional lustre from the grace and virtue for which Miss Lane is so pre-eminently distinguished.

Little did the simple country girl, born in the remote county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, dream of the future that was in store for her. Little did she dream, as she wandered through the quiet and beautiful scenes of her childhood's home, that one day she should be the companion of monarchs and the presiding genius over the household of the first man of the Republic. And yet all this has come to pass, and the course of events have not been strained to convert the Lancaster maiden into the cynosure of every eye, the observed of all observers, the lady of the White House at Washington.

Miss Harriet Lane accompanied her uncle when he went accredited to the Court of St. James's as the American Minister, and presided over the hospitalities of the Ministerial mansion. She was admired and esteemed by all who were honored by her acquaintance, the highest persons in the land courting and cultivating her friendship.

In the high and important position which she has held for the past few years, as the lady representative of the President of the United States, her dignity of demeanor has won admiration and respect, while her kindly and ladylike courtesy has endeared her to all who come within the sphere of her gentle but fascinating influence. It is a privilege to possess the friendship of one so truly amiable and so unostentatiously good. Miss Lane is a blonde; of her *personnel* we need not speak—the superb portrait which we present this week will prove more explicit upon that point than any description we could pen.

MR. THADDEUS HYATT, THE CONTUMACIOUS WITNESS, WHO REFUSES TO ANSWER THE QUESTIONS OF THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, NOW CONFINED IN THE JAIL OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—SEE OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE, PAGE 280.—PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

THE NAUTICAL SCHOOL OF MASSACHUSETTS.

OF all the difficulties which beset the modern political economist the task of providing for the poor and vagrant is among the hardest to get over, and the most urgent, being always present, and constantly on the increase. Legislation in all countries fails to meet this necessity, and at best has proved but of very limited power in properly meeting the question. And indeed it would seem to follow as a natural sequence of events, that the more extended and the higher the civilization of a community, so much harder to deal with and more threatening become the gaunt bands of grim poverty, with all its monstrous attendance of vice and crime.

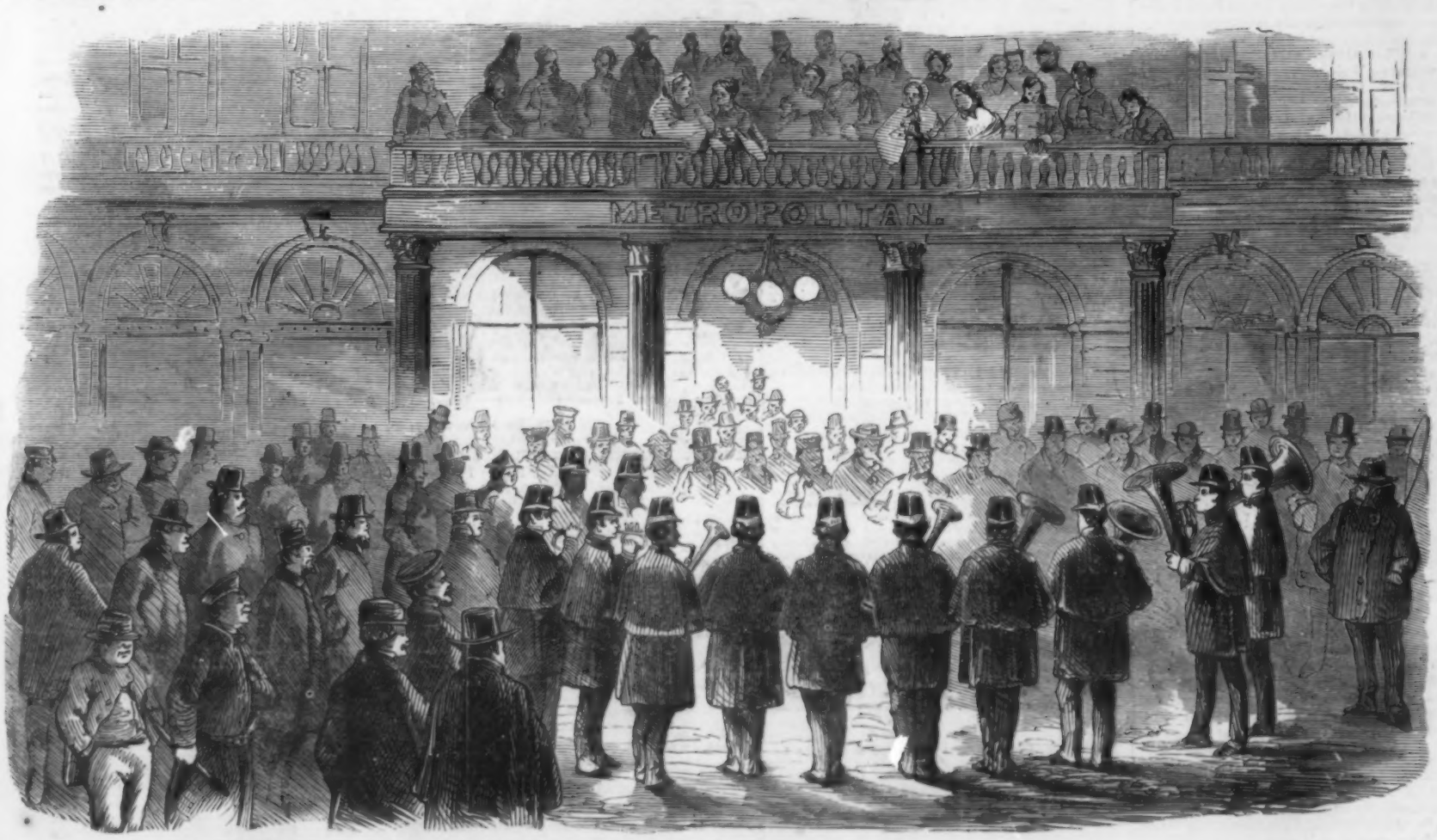
The subject is one which admits of no shirking, and hence the establishment of Reform Schools for the young, who, having lost their natural guardians, or thrown off the obedience due to them, form the plastic material from which the finished rogue is created. In these schools are provided maintenance, education, the knowledge of a craft and wholesome restraint; still it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that they are thus far failures, the reform scholar too often graduating in the State Prison.

As another move in the right direction, the State of Massachusetts has purchased two vessels for the use of the Reform School, with a view to training those of the boys most fitted for it to a practical knowledge of seamanship, which will fit them for service in the merchant marine.

The first suggestion of the State Nautical School was made by the Governor in his special Message sent to the House of Representatives on the first day of the extra session of the Legislature, in which he announced the destruction by fire of a portion of the buildings of the State Reform School at Westboro'. After speaking of the general want of American sailors on our merchant vessels, he suggests the idea whether it would not be wise to make some provision for the education of seamen, and to turn some of the excess of vicious youth to pursuits so congenial to many of them, and tending to the enlargement and security of our commerce, the extension of American liberty and the honor of our national flag.

The matter was referred to a Special Committee, a bill was reported and passed both Houses, and became a law by the signature of the Governor.

The government of the nautical branch is vested in five trustees, three appointed by the Governor and Council, to hold office three years, and one to be appointed every year—one appointed by the Boston Board of Trade and one by the Boston Marine Society, each for the term of one year, and to be approved by the Governor and Council. The trustees receive no compensation, but are allowed their expenses. They are made a corporation for the purpose of holding in trust for the State the necessary property and investing the same. They have the control of the school ship, the appointment of superintendent, teachers, &c., the making of by-laws, and the sending of boys on voyages at sea. A treasurer of the corporation is to be appointed by the Governor and Council for the term of term of three years, and is to give bonds



DEPARTURE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT FOR ENGLAND—SERENADE TO ALBERT BERGHAUS, ESQ., AND DR. RAWLINGS, AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, BY DODWORTH'S BAND, TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 13.

The ship Rockall, six hundred and forty tons, one hundred and forty feet long on the upper deck and thirty feet beam, was purchased for twelve thousand dollars, and has been altered to suit the designs of the school.

The old cabin on deck has been remodelled so as to give large state-rooms for the captain and schoolmaster, two spare state-rooms and a very large dining-room. At the opening of the hold there will be placed a large skylight giving light to every deck down to the hold. The staircases are two in number, and will each consist of two pair of stairs crossing each other as they go down. The second deck is divided into three unequal parts by open work partitions. The forward compartment will be occupied by the two cooks, for there will be a crew of six persons on board besides the boys. Here also the stores will be received on board through ports. The next compartment will be the mess-room for the boys thirty-three feet long and twenty-eight wide. Adjoining this, and on each side of the vessel, are large and convenient rooms for the two stewards, boatswain, chief mate, second mate, and the library. The last compartment extends back to the stern and will be used for the school-room. It is thirty-eight feet in length and twenty-eight in width, and is calculated to accommodate one hundred and forty boys at one time. It is well lighted from the stern and the sides, and will be supplied with double desks.

Below all this is the sleeping deck, extending the whole length and breadth of the ship without interruption, one hundred and thirty feet long and twenty-eight feet wide. It will be supplied with three rows of double berths arranged in three tiers, and will accommodate two hundred boys. This room is seven and a half feet high. The hold will be nearly filled with ballast, but will afford room for the storage of provisions, sails, &c., and for two large tanks, each holding about four thousand gallons. The ship is expected to be ready for sea about the first of May. In about three weeks she will go into dock to be coppered. She will draw twelve and a half or thirteen feet of water. When she is completely fitted out the fact will be announced in a proclamation by the Governor.

The Commissioners have purchased from the Government for the tender authorized by law the schooner Wave, one hundred and four tons, one hundred and five feet long, and twenty-eight feet beam.

CHAMPION'S BELT OF ENGLAND.

THE Champion's Belt of England, which we engrave this week and which is to be contested for by Sayers and Heenan in England on the 16th of April, is both valuable and beautiful. It is of solid silver, chastely and elegantly designed and cost one hundred pounds sterling. It was got up by public subscription and given to the candidate on condition that he must fight all comers, win in six months after the winning of each battle, or failing to do so, must forfeit. If claim to the Championship of England. He is not bound to fight for less than two hundred pounds a side, and if he holds the belt for three years without being vanquished it becomes his property to do what he likes with. There are further conditions connected with the holding of the belt. It must be deposited in the hands of the editor of *Bell's Life in London* seven clear days before the fight takes place, and the holder of it is bound to give bond of one hundred pounds as security for the belt, the said security to be returned at the end of the three years.

Such are the conditions on which Tom Sayers, the present Champion, holds the Champion's Belt. Since he won it so gallantly from the Tip on Sawyer, a man experienced in the ring, standing six feet and half an inch, and weighing fourteen stone and six pounds, he has fought four battles in defence of his position, and has always held himself ready to meet all comers. He is universally esteemed to be perfectly honest. Other Champions have sold the belt, by voluntarily losing the battle for a consideration, of course, sinking at once into poverty, despised by all; but Sayers has won the distinction, such as it is, by an honest, manly and fearless course; he feels proud of the distinction so hardly won, and he is determined to retain it—if possible.

Should our American "Big" tear the laurels from the redoubtable Sayers, we presume he can only hold the belt on the conditions before specified. We can only say, in the language of the Prize Ring, "may the best man win!"

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

Premature Loss of the Hair,

Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and it has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth.

It is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair, a single application rendering it soft and glossy for several days.

THE FOLLOWING IS CONCLUSIVE OF ITS EFFICACY IN THE CURE OF

DANDRUFF.

BOSTON, Oct. 20, 1859.

GENTLEMEN—I have used your Cocoaine about six weeks, and its effect is so marked and extraordinary that I deem it my duty to state it to you.

My worst complaint for several years has been dandruff, with itching and irritation of the scalp. After brushing my hair, my coat collar would be covered with the white scale (dandruff), which looked like a shower of snow. My barber tried various applications without effect. His abuse of your Cocoaine, and his obstinate refusal to use it, provoked me to procure and try it. I have used less than a bottle, the dandruff and the irritation which caused it have entirely disappeared, and my hair was never before in so good a condition.

Your obedient servant,

A. A. FULLER.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and for sale by dealers generally. 50 cents a bottle.

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH as fast as you can pull them out, and no humbug. Sent for $1. Address Union Agency, Providence, R. I. 223-30

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I

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A story full of animation and spirit; its delineations of the struggles of youth with poverty and low fortune will awaken the interest and secure the sympathy of every reader.

"A book of singular originality and genius. * * * * Its style is brisk, fresh and vivid; its characters are such living flesh-and-blood creations as to flit before you, not like unsubstantial pageants, but positive entities. * * * The whole tone and tenor of the book is hearty and delightful, and the views of life the most pleasant and entranding we ever read. Occasionally the author steps out of his story to address the reader, and then his humor flashes; he is fanciful, brisk and fascinating."—*Home Journal.*

II.

AGAINST WIND AND TIDE.

BY HOLME LEE.

AUTHOR OF "KATHIE BRANDE," "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER," &c.

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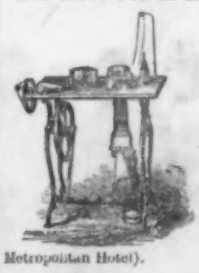

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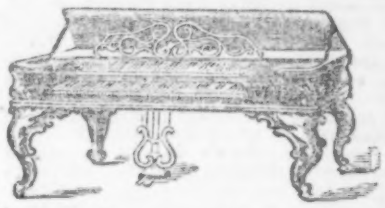

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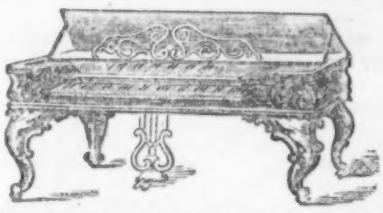

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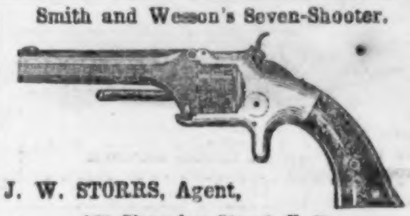

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